National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XX. NO. 32. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859. WHOLE NO. 1,020.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

SOUTHERN CONTEMPT FOR NORTHERN UNION-SAVERS.

From The Charleston Mercury.

NORTHERN CONSERVATISM.

THE angry South must be appeased for the time—protestations must be made, and somebody must make them. This part of the jobbing falls to the lot of the so-called "conservatives." The "conservatives" are a very useful "institution" at the North. They answer a very good purpose, and are an essential part of the Northern *policy. They are the very rear-guard of abolitionism.* The Republican army marches forward to the battle of abolitionism, and the "conservatives" cover their progress by diversions, and parleying, and by-play. We are neither speaking paradoxically, nor lightly, nor prejudicially. It is a very grave and momentous fact. We will illustrate our meaning. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, is a "conservative." The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop was the first gentleman who introduced abolition petitions into the House of Representatives. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop was ejected from his seat in the Senate, some years ago, by such a thing as Charles Sumner. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop declared in Faneuil Hall, in 1854, that his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth, and his right hand be lopped from his body, before he would either vote for any measure, or set his hand to any bill, by which slavery should be allowed to enter another foot of our territories. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop is turned out of the Senate because he is too "conservative" a man. Mr. Everett, and many other distinguished gentlemen at the North, are quite as violent in their opposition to slavery as Mr. Winthrop. Mr. Everett is nowhere—he is run over—left behind. These gentlemen are "conservatives." They would not have John Brown & Co. march down on Virginia or Kentucky and create civil war, and insurrection, and discontent at the South. By no means—they have discretion; they are "conservative" gentlemen. They would not make the South too restive under their plucking; they would not lose their golden eggs by killing their goose. These gentlemen are far too wise—they would only gently legislate you out of all the surrounding territories, whether you will or no; but still gently. They would thus only put a cordon of free States around you, and then pluck you *ad libitum*, until settlers from their own States had quietly occupied, by degrees, the border States—then they would push slavery still further down toward the Gulf States—then permit its continuance or not, just as it payed them.

The difference between the "conservatives" and the Republicans is just the difference between Lucifer and Satan. Lucifer is a very distingue-looking individual of an indescribable age, with a handsome face, brilliant black eyes, a heavy mustache, a sombrero hat, a Spanish cloak, and a rapier at his side. He is a courtly gentleman, and never indulges in loud talk, and balderdash, and violence. He would reason with you, and conduct you most politely to the mansions of the unhappy forever. Satan is a loathsome brute, with contorted features, blear eyes, a black skin, a long, forked tail, and claw-feet. Satan would seize you in his claws, drive his forked-tail through you, and drag you to ——, amid stenches of brimstone and sulphur.

At every crisis in the history of the government, when the South has cried out with indignation and protest against unconstitutional legislation and outrage, there has immediately arisen a "conservative" demonstration at the North, but the "conservatives" are arrayed one day after the fair; and the "conservatives" are always in a most convenient minority. They are admirable skirmishers, and cover the retreat of a bold sallying or marauding party with great skill and eclat.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, to find the same old game being played off now. They have got into a trick of it, and can't, for the life of them, be done with it. Besides, it is of serious importance now that some palaver should be made for the benefit of the South. It is a sugar-plum she always expects after violence or legislative robbery. The angry temper of the South must be pacified—the Republicans have had their say over old John Brown—abolitionism has possession of both branches of Congress—and it is a safe and capital move to make a rousing, stunning diversion on one side to draw off the fire of the South. We accordingly hear of meetings and rumors of meetings, "demonstrations" and signs of demonstrations, by the "conservatives" at the North against the poor old devil, John Brown in particular, and the first cousin of the "conservatives," viz, the Abolitionists in general. We are to see great things and mighty resolutions, as of old. A general "glory hallelujahrum" for the preservation of the glorious Union is to resound over the whole North. The mountain is to labor in grievous travail, and will bring forth a mole.

From The Charleston Evening News.

PUBLIC MEETINGS IN NORTHERN CITIES.

IT is not the first time that popular demonstrations have been made in Northern cities in arrest and counteraction of the spreading and destructive fanaticism of the people of that section. Did former manifestations of this character check the tendency to override the Constitution and nullify its guarantees? On the contrary, have not the fanatics greatly increased in number, and the sentiment adverse to the rights of the South become immeasurably intensified? Have not the efforts of the Websters, the Everetts and the other leading spirits, conservative men of the North, to recall, in popular meetings, their people and Legislatures to a sense of loyalty to the Union, and duty under the Constitution, been followed by Personal Liberty bills? Have not their eloquent appeals to constitutional obligation fallen from their lips barren of fruit? Look at the catalogue of names, eminent in politics, science, literature and art, which have been added to the dread list of the Black Republican array.

If these efforts of rhetoric, these patriotic accents were unavailing *then*, when the current of fanaticism had set in, what efficacy can they have *now*, when the tide is at the flood? It is not difficult to group men in large masses at the great centres of trade, in denunciation of public crime, outrage on the Constitution and disloyalty to the Union, for interest is the systematic force that on such occasions draws them together. There are always found, conjoined with these, a certain number of conservatives who will readily unite in such demonstrations. The moral force of opinion is potential within the range of personal and political influence that belongs to the comparatively limited circle of the city or district in which it is exercised. But what impression is made outside of that circle among the dense masses which have been educated to hate slavery, and whose power is shown by the enactment of Personal Liberty bills? The utterances of their leaders are far more influential than any declamation, however powerful, and invective, however pointed, that finds a voice in the oratory of an Everett or a Cushing.

From The Savannah (Ga.) Express.

IS BOSTON FOR THE CONSTITUTION?

THIS question has been suggested by two very able and just articles in the Boston *Post*, of Dec. 3, wherein the editor very properly arraigns the Abolitionists of that city and points to the certain termination that awaits their acts. It is refreshing at this time of distrust to witness any effort, from *any* quarter, to restrain the madness that is urging this country on to its ruin, and in the present instance particularly so, for the *Post* has ever been staunch and loyal in its defence of right and justice.

Yet we cannot but regard this exhibition of feeling, at this juncture, as induced more by interest than by a sense of propriety or from a real wish to yield to the South her reasonable and constitutional demands. We are supported, in forming this opinion, by the concluding sentence of one of the *Post's* articles. "We fear acts of retaliation which will seriously damage our fishing, shipping and manufacturing interests." This is the motive which urges the men of Boston to step forward, now that they fear the patience of the South is exhausted, and that, instead of enduring longer, she will assume the offensive, and carry the war, by retaliation, into their own limits. After either aiding and sympathizing with principles that have brought the country to the very verge of ruin, or, what is equally bad, declining to interfere to restrain the rage and fanaticism of their neighbors and friends, they come forward, to stay the progress of ruin, and, what is to them of vastly more importance, the destruction of their pecuniary interests.

Up to this time, no love of country, no sense of justice, no regard for comity or good will has influenced the men of Boston to practise a constitutional obligation to their brethren of the South, but, on the contrary, surrendering their city into the hands of men who have converted it into a very Pandemonium, where treason has been hatched and murder contrived, they have slept over their obligations to the country and to the laws. But when the South at last, roused to resistance and goaded on to frenzy, declares her determination, not in words of empty boast, but in action, these repentant sinners, in an agony of fear, cry out *Peccavi!* Not that we have sinned against the laws of brotherhood and moral and constitutional duty, but we have exposed our fishing smacks to the stormy gales of Southern indignation, and the wheels of our manufactories are in danger of being stopped by a refusal of the South to take our cottons and woollens; *peccavi!* It is no wonder that Boston is the prolific mother of so many errors in morals and in religion, when her sensitive soul seeks its greatest consolations, in the hour of tribulation, in the depths of a pocket that her sins have depleted. We admire the language and spirit of the *Post*, but we doubt a contrition induced by such unworthy fears.

From The Washington Evening Star.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

THE speeches delivered and the sentiments so enthusiastically cheered at the anti-Abolitionist meetings recently held in Boston and Philadelphia were indeed worthy of all praise, breathing, as they did, due devotion to the doctrines of the Constitution; but for the incorporation of which in that instrument, the existing government of the United States never would have been formed. Yet, of what boot are they? Will they tend, even in a slight degree, hereafter to prevent slave-stealing, and to compel those who would follow John Brown's example from so doing? We judge not, fearing, as we sincerely do, that the time has gone by when the forensic demonstrations and elaborate resolutions of Northern conservatism could prove effective in restraining the stronger will and power of Northern abolitionism. Thus we anticipate the occurrence of more frequent cases of slave-stealing, murder and arson in the South on the part of the North, hereafter, than ever before, despite the eloquence and truthful logic of Lincoln, Everett and Cushing in Boston, and of the co laborers of those gentlemen in Philadelphia. Unfortunately for the future peace of the country, the New York *Tribune* speaks the sentiments of the live men of the times at the North, rather than the Boston *Courier* or New York *Journal of Commerce*—of the men who act as well as discuss.

The *Tribune* day by day denounces the pretence of its party in Congress, that it is not bent on working out the ends of the Helper book (which are but the ends at which John Brown aimed), as a mere act of momentary quailing under the fire of the South in the Senate chamber and the House hall; and it boldly proclaims that there can be no peace between North and South until the latter obeys the behests of abolitionism. The *Tribune*, we repeat, is *the* North. Though its teachings may be essayed to be carried into effect by but one in ten of the population of the North, it notoriously nearly always succeeds in carrying its points; its one-tenth of desperate fanatics and abolition South-haters being almost invariably successful in their schemes. What, then, is Northern conservatism worth, practically, to the South? Less or worse than nothing, as its protests only serve to postpone for a brief season longer the advent of the moment when the South must meet the dread question of the proper measures for her self-preservation.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

CONSERVATIVE MEETING IN BOSTON.

BOSTON has *spoken*; will Massachusetts *act*? Words and fair promises, indeed, are made, but, unfortunately, these are not all that the times require. Legislative *action* as well as popular sympathy is demanded before harmony can be restored. It has never been believed by the Southern people that *all* the citizens of the North were *particeps criminis*, either in the Brown conspiracy or the iniquitous sympathy which justified his crime and sought to palliate his guilt. It was believed that conservatism was passive, while fanaticism, active, vigilant and untiring, was sapping the foundations of the Union, by undermining the principles of the Constitution and destroying the rights it guaranteed.

From The Richmond Dispatch.

WILL NORTHERN CONSERVATIVES ACT AS WELL AS TALK?

VERY well—let's see what the meeting in Boston will say. And after that, let's see what Boston will *do!* And further yet: let's see what the Legislature of Massachusetts will *do!* Will it repeal its laws contravening the laws and the Constitution on the subject of the rendition of fugitive slaves? Will it atone for its disgraceful act by which it evicted an upright Judge for his conscientious discharge of duty in a slave case? We might ask, will Massachusetts cease to be the Massachusetts of modern days and become once more the glorious Massachusetts of the Revolution, when she was faithful, and patriotic, and courageous, and when her citizens held slaves, and when Wendell Phillips and Wilson, and their followers, would have been hung for treason? The South would not, indeed, demand as much; but will the meeting in Boston revolutionize even that city, in which abolitionism has for so long a time held sway? Let us see.

We have no fear of New York city. *That* is: we are satisfied, perfectly conservative. The action of that great city may have its effect on the country of the North; but this is not certain. The South, we believe, will never be content with the resolves of cities. They do not control. There are evidences of treachery and rottenness in the public mind and the public opinion of the North, which are beyond the reach of the opulent commercial masses, we apprehend. When sixty-eight members of Congress, a Judge or two, the Governor of the largest State in this Union, three United States Senators, endorse, countenance and encourage war upon the Southern States, the incitement of insurrections, which would deluge the country in the blood of an indiscriminate slaughter of men, *women and children*, and light up the country with the conflagration of our dwellings—we say, when so many of such men, holding such positions of honor and trust in the North, are guilty of such treason and inhumanity to the South, the South will never be satisfied until there is some *action* to assure her of the fidelity to the Constitution and rights of the States which it is so strongly alleged exists among the conservative masses, which it is claimed are the majority of the people of the North. We shall be pleased to see the cities lead off in the right spirit, and shall begin to *hope*; but we shall not relinquish our fears; we shall not cease our preparations for defence, and for the vindication of our own rights against all enemies, open and treacherous, until we have some yet more positive assurance in positive and fraternal *measures* and *acts!*

GOV McREA'S OPINION.

Washington Correspondence of The Herald.

THE declaration of Gov. McRea, of Mississippi, that he is in favor of opening the slave trade, is received as a prevailing opinion of slaveholders in the Gulf States. The Governor will finish his speech to-morrow, and will ventilate the Union-savers at the recent Faneuil Hall meeting in Boston, and will expose them as anything but conservative men. He considers Gov. Lincoln, the President, as an Abolitionist, and will prove ex-Gov. Gardner not only as no representative of Massachusetts sentiment at all, but as a hypocrite, by his record. Gardner's anti-slavery letters to Charles Allen in 1854, and Gov. Winston in 1856, and Caleb Cushing's famous shirt-tail letter, will be reproduced. The fire-eaters say they view these meetings in the North as stock-jobbing affairs for the continuation of the slave and cotton trade, and not as earnest representative demonstrations of the actual sentiment of the people.

OPINION OF MR. CURRY.

[Extract from a speech in the U. S. House of Representatives, Dec. 10, by Mr. Curry, of Alabama.]

MR. CURRY said, referring to the recent Union demonstrations, that though these were more or less gratifying, as evincing a returning sense of justice at the North, yet they amounted to nothing. They were not the true index of public opinion. The test of public opinion was through the ballot-box, and, looking to this test, he found that New England stood here arrayed in solid phalanx against the constitutional rights of the South, that New York stood here with but four or five Representatives disposed to befriend the South and Southern rights, and the same was true, in a greater or less extent, in regard to Pennsylvania, Ohio and other States. When he looked at these indications, he was not to be lulled into security by demonstrations at Union meetings. The patriotic declarations and eloquent vindication of the Union were but as the singing of Circe, "the voice of the charmer, charming never so wisely," lulling the South and deceiving the North in regard to the stupendousness of the present crisis. If they were in earnest in these declarations, let them give to the South something practical, substantial and tangible. Let them go home and repeal their Personal Liberty bills, their habeas corpus acts, their mandamus acts. Let them execute the Fugitive Slave law, let them open their prisons for the safe-keeping of fugitive slaves, let them refuse contributions of money to circulate incendiary pamphlets at the South, let them turn out of this hall and the Senate the men who come to insult and stigmatize the South. These would be indications of public opinion and tests of returning justice.

CALEB CUSHING RAMPANT.

[Extract from his Speech at the late Union-saving meeting in Faneuil Hall.]

IN Massachusetts and New York there are men of the highest culture and education in literature and science—men who, it would seem, were born to bless their country—Wendell Phillips (cheers and hisses), William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, Gerrit Smith—who, by constantly brooding upon one single idea—and possibly that was a right one—have become monomaniacs to that idea—have become lost to all moral relations of right and wrong. In the peacefulness of their character, not one of them would injure a hair of even my head, except upon the question of slavery; and then, when upon the subject of slavery, such is the ferocity of their minds that they declare their readiness to break down all the laws of man, and even they, under the influence of that monomania, have set up in this Commonwealth a religion of hate such as belongs only to the condemned devils in hell. I say they have set up this religion of hate. Oh, blasphemy! Oh, God, that such things are in our land! They have set up this religion of hate and blasphemy, and call it *Christianity!* To this hate and this ferocity they have sacrificed all there is of humanity in the human heart; all there is of divinity in the aspirations of the human heart. We have heard of hearts filled with sympathy for John Brown; of sneers at the State of Virginia; of ridicule at the terror of the unarmed women and children who dread assassination and rapine—for it is not men, but the women of Virginia, who feel this terror, the sisters of the women of Massachusetts. Sympathy for all these? Gentlemen, it is not sympathy for John Brown. All this is the manifestation of the spirit of hatred against the Southern people, fostered by these teachings of which I have spoken. And you know the poet has told us—

"Hate must have its food of blood."

How long are the people of Massachusetts to have their souls continually polluted with these preachings? pulpit preachings of hatred? Though, thank God that these preachers of hatred are but as one in a thousand. How long can it go on without blood?

Beyond the evil of the dissolution of the Union, there will be the dreary spectacle of civil war in Massachusetts; for when we look forward we ask—is the North to invade the South? Will the North undertake that? It will, or else it has sacrificed every benefit of the Union for nothing. Will they do it? Are there not brave and patriotic men enough in Massachusetts to seize the traitors by the throat and say, If you go, you must walk over our dead bodies; you shall not be engaged in this fratricidal and suicidal war with your fellow-citizens of the United States. When the civil war comes, it will not be upon Mason and Dixon's line, but here in New England, between those who hate the Constitution, and say it is a league with hell, and those who are determined at all hazards to maintain the Union.

And now I have long enough occupied your attention. (Cries of "Go on!") I will suggest one other train of thought of a practical nature appropriate to the circumstances which surround us in the State of Massachusetts. We have had depicted to us the horrors of civil war. We have seen what would become of this glorious Republic should civil war follow. Can we avert these evils? Can we assist in averting them? It is a fact, and a startling fact, that more than one-half of the registered voters of Massachusetts refuse to vote. The public opinion of the State is that which a majority—an apparent majority—shows. I say that more than one-half of the registered voters of this State never publicly express their minds. They seem to have commenced the discharge of that duty here in Faneuil Hall to-day. Will they go on from words to acts? Will they manifest their desire hereafter for the honor of Massachusetts? I speak for no party. I have party prepossessions strong enough for myself, as many know. I say that you—one hundred thousand men of Massachusetts—have a duty to perform. If you don't like the principles of either of the great parties of the State, arise in the majesty of your strength and smash them all. (A thrilling voice—"They will act at the proper time.") I will rejoice at any party defeat which may befall me, so that this Commonwealth may be redeemed in that glorious galaxy of the Union. A band of drunken mutineers have seized hold of the public political opinion of this Commonwealth. These same persons denounce and vituperate both the parties now dividing the power in Massachusetts. Who is the helmsman? Who has the helm? (A Voice "Burnham!" Great laughter.) Who has the helm? Has he sold himself to the mutineers? No! but the mutineers stand with a pistol at his head, saying—Obey our demands or die. And so the good ship of State drifts on. Drifts, drifts on with the stream into the gulf of perdition, with the black flag of the pirate hoisted at the mizzen, and the piratical death's head at the fore—black from truck to keelson. I say the good ship of State drifts on. But where are you, citizens of Massachusetts, that should be her crew? That good ship is freighted with all your hopes, your wives and your children, and you all sit in torpid apathy, cowardly indecision or despair. And you don't move a hand to redeem her from wrong. I appeal to you, citizens of Massachusetts. I entreat you to arouse from your lethargy, to arise in the majesty of your might, and redeem the honor and the fame of the good old Commonwealth (great applause).

BROWN PRAYER-MEETINGS AT THE NORTH.

From The Memphis (Tenn.) Argus.

THOSE rampant Abolitionists who, during the trial and conviction of old John Brown, essayed to make him a saint second to none in the Kalendar, and vowed that on the day of his execution, for what they pleased to term his heroic efforts in behalf of freedom, the bells should be tolled throughout the North and prayers be offered up for his safe guidance to the portals of paradise, have partially fulfilled their promise. The bells did toll in various portions of the North, "prayer-meetings" (?), attended by thousands of carpet knights, who love to descant on the "horrors of slavery," at a distance, were held in the different Abolition strongholds, at which such lights as William Lloyd Garrison, Joshua Giddings, "Colonel" Lucy Stone, and others equally noted for piety, were chief functionaries. It would not be a difficult matter to account for the fact that these desecrations of God's sanctuary were well attended. Of course no one believes that those who there assembled and were prime movers in these meetings had any idea of glorifying the Deity by their demonstrations. A desire to insult the South is evident on the face of the proceedings, and nothing else. In the prayers offered up, the "horrible system of slavery," as expounded by Mrs. Stowe and the Boston *Liberator*, was execrated to infinite extent; and Brown—poor Brown!—who gave up the ghost for the promotion of the cause of "Afric's sons," was lifted out of his coffin and wafted on Abolition breezes into a permanent seat in the third heaven. It has been said that imagination is sweeter than stern reality. We all know this to be the case; and so it is with those who are making such a tremendous effort to get up a celestial journey for Brown. But all the prayers offered up in mockery to a just God, all the tolling of bells and firing of ordnance, cannot remove from John Brown's brow the brand of murderer and traitor, nor hoist him from the depths of the yawning hell to which his spirit has long ere this winged its flight.

Who are the brawlers who were prime movers in these so-called prayer-meetings? Were they new champions of freedom? Were they persons whom we know to be sincere in their devotion to what they are pleased to term the down-trodden? A glance at the truth will not so exhibit.

We look over the proceedings of these meetings as detailed in the Northern prints, and find playing prominent characters in them such persons as Wendell Phillips, with his treason against the Constitution; Lloyd Garrison, with his blighting, damnable and perfidious sentiments; Joshua Giddings, with his pleas of abolitionism; apers of Seward, with their "irrepressible conflict" doctrine echoing on their lips as they kneel in this most revolting pantomime. We also find the usual amount of crazy, hypocritical women, with their Woman's Rights, their Free-Loveism, and all the rest of the modern isms, the whole of which are summed up in the one grand, colossal humbug of abolitionism. They are the same old enemies of the South who, years ago, spit their venom at its institutions; the same who profess to believe the Constitution a "league with hell and compact with the devil."

Such proceedings as we have detailed are, and must ever remain, disgusting to good people everywhere; and even in the very strongholds of abolitionism they were not universally popular. Curiosity alone attracted at least half of those in attendance, and, we doubt not, abolitionism lost admirers by thousands where these disgraceful mummeries were enacted. The Legislature of Massachusetts, the parent of abolitionism, where a resolution was offered, on Friday last, to adjourn in consequence of the execution of Brown, voted it down almost unanimously. Rotten as were most of its members in abolitionism, they were disgusted with so farcical an attempt to canonize a traitor. We do not believe the cause of abolitionism has gained by the conduct of its leaders during the past few weeks, but that the more conservative masses of the North will turn with contempt from the damnable teachings to which they have heretofore so willingly lent an ear. We hope so, at least.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA.

[Under the head of Federal Relations, Gov. Perry discourses as follows:]

IS it not manifest that in the bosoms of the members of the party now dominant throughout the North all fraternal feeling towards us of the South is entirely dead? When reminded of their constitutional obligations—obligations fixed upon them alike by the letter and spirit of the Constitution—they appeal to a "higher law." Having virtually annulled the written compact, there is no question that they would proceed to withdraw from the Union, but for the fact that, along with great pecuniary advantages, it furnishes them facilities which they would not otherwise enjoy for the prosecution of their designs against the institutions of the South.

That these hostile designs will continue to be prosecuted so long as the confederacy lasts, would seem to be as certain as anything of the future. No less than this has been publicly avowed by one having authority to speak, in language which admits of but one construction. The Northern statesman most honored and trusted by his section, and whom that section manifestly intends to place at the head of the General Government, instead of the tranquillity which the Constitution guarantees us, has proclaimed an "irrepressible conflict," which means and can mean nothing but war from generation to generation upon that institution which lies at the basis of Southern prosperity, power, civilization and happiness. As a sequel to that announcement, following in the due order of events, comes the development, not without bloodshed, of a plot concocted in the North for the liberation of the slaves of the South by a general insurrection.

There can be no doubt that the so-called Republican party, comprising a majority of the Northern people, and thus to all intents constituting the North, are responsible for John Brown's scheme of mingled villany and folly. That party the Northern people, by the elections which have occurred since the Harper's Ferry catastrophe, exhibit an unmistakable purpose of continuing in power.

Its two great engines of influence, the press and the pulpit, are daily becoming more insulting and aggressive towards our institutions and people. What else, then, have we to expect, while the Union continues, but the repetition, no one can say when, where, how often, or with what bloody issues, of attempts like that lately thwarted in Virginia?

True, Florida, as the youngest and least populous of the Southern sovereignties, can only follow in action the lead of her sisters; yet this constitutes no reason why, at a time demanding the freest conference and frankest expression among those joined by a common destiny, she should remain silent. I believe that her voice should be heard in "tones not loud, but deep," in favor of an eternal separation from those whose wickedness and fanaticism forbid us longer to live with them in peace and safety. There are good grounds for the hope that most of the Southern States will not consent to see the General Government pass into hands avowedly hostile to the South. If such is their purpose, it is not unlikely that they will prepare for the emergency of the approaching Presidential election.

What, if any, steps will be necessary, on your part, to provide for Florida's coöperation with them in the contingency suggested, I leave for the wisdom of the Legislature to determine.

JOSEPH BARKER ON JOHN BROWN.

From The Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.

LAST evening Mr. Joseph Barker repeated a lecture at Concert Hall on the subject of John Brown and his sympathizers. Mr. Barker set out by laying down the principle that the world looks for a reasonable chance of success in the prosecution of important movements; and if there were failures where failure might reasonably be expected, condemnation was sure to follow. The lecturer could not discover that John Brown had the slightest chance of success in the attempt he had made at Harper's Ferry, and, even admitting that he was prompted by good and pure motives, he had no right to tamper with the framework of society where his tampering could accomplish no possible good, and where much evil would probably come of it.

Mr. Barker objected to the eulogy that had been heaped upon Brown, whom he considered simply as a misguided fanatic, who had done more mischief than good to the cause he had espoused. He was willing to admit that Brown was prompted by a desire to do good to a class of his fellow-beings; but some of the bloodiest tyrants the world ever saw had been actuated by an honest desire to benefit their fellows in their own way. In this connection he referred to the religious wars in Europe and to persecutions for conscience sake in New England. The officers of the Inquisition were represented to have been free from reproach personally; and Marcus Aurelius, one of the best of the Roman Emperors, persecuted the early Christians most savagely.

Mr. Barker reviewed the eulogies delivered upon Brown by Ralph Waldo Emerson and Wendell Phillips, and he denied the fitness of the high-sounding names which they had conferred upon him. The lecturer would have thought better of Brown if he had paid more attention to the comfort and happiness of his family, instead of rendering his wife a widow, and depriving her of the support of her sons by offering to violently help those who did not desire his aid.

The lecturer held that all great moral reforms, like the operations of nature, are gentle and gradual, and that violent measures are ruinous. He believed that the spread of anti-slavery sentiments was certain, and that sooner or later slavery would die out, as serfdom had died out in England.

It is the part of the true reformer to use moral and gentle means, and to *wait*. In a country where the great mass of the people are voters, where speech is free, where there are thousands of pulpits and platforms, and, above all, a free press, there is no excuse for violent reforms; and even if reforms should be effected by force, they could not, in the nature of things, be permanent reformations.

Mr. Barker closed his lecture with an eloquent sketch of the influence of the press, and with an appeal for peace, harmony and good will between the different sections of the Union.

NORTHERN BOOTS AND SHOES.

From The Savannah Morning News.

THERE is no article, remarks the Richmond *Dispatch*, which the South purchases more extensively of the North than shoes and boots. To say nothing of the whites, the whole slave population of the South wear shoes of Northern manufacture. Millions upon millions are poured into Massachusetts annually for the purchase of this article. If there were no other objection, it is enough that the shoes are inferior to those of Southern make. They are gotten up for a Southern market, are defective in many ways, and soon wear out and are useless. Every man who wants a good, substantial pair of shoes and boots, either for himself or servant, is well aware that he must have them made here, and not manufactured by those who think it their mission in every way to "spoil the Philistines." We have seen somewhere a scene described in one of the multitudes of shoe manufactories with which Massachusetts abounds. Every little knot of shoemakers has one reader, who, while they ply their awls, reads the New York *Tribune*, or one of Parker's or Beecher's abolition sermons, to them, and they hammer away upon the leather as if they would rejoice to have the head of some slaveholder in its place, and crush it like a nutshell. But they have what is better, the slaveholder's feet, and the feet of his slaves, all well fastened in the stocks, waiting quietly to be shod, whilst they are pelted with the rotten eggs of slander and blackguardism. It is not for us to reconcile the principles of these shoe manufacturers with their practice, in living and making money on the slave labor which they pronounce so iniquitous, but we may at least invoke Southern men, in the name of common manliness and self-respect, to single out at once this shoe trade, and see if they cannot shake off their dependence upon these abolition incendiaries, cease from paying money to men who will employ it in trying to cut their throats, and who hold that it is the right and duty of the slaves to rebel and of the North to aid them in rebellion.

NORTHERN MERCHANTS GOING SOUTH.—We find, from an example before us in the *Weekly News*, published at a place called Enterprise, Mississippi, that a Southern passport to our merchants may pass a good many in the lump, and that the *visé* of a local newspaper editor will make it all right. Thus the editor of the paper aforesaid gives his *visé* to the passport of over half a dozen New York firms in this fashion: "We endorse the above named gentlemen as being entirely sound on the nigger question, and connected with good and reliable houses." Our Southern newspaper editors may thus very often do good service to the New York merchants; and we are happy to recognize the friendly endorsement aforesaid of our Mississippi cotemporary.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Selections.

HOW TO SAVE THE UNION.

WE do not intend to sit up with the Union a single night this winter—not one. We need the time for sleep a good deal more than the Union needs our nursing. We quite well understand that there is soon to be some ground and lofty tumbling in the Dissolution line at Washington and further South; but we have no mind to assist at the performance. If there is to be any parading out of the Representatives' Hall, we insist that those engaged in it shall forfeit their pay thenceforth until they shall see fit to resume their seats and undertake to behave themselves. Spare diet is an excellent sedative for inflammable, choleric natures, and is a remedy neither expensive nor sanguinary. Let it have a fair trial.

But there are people laboring under concern of mind for the Union, and afraid that it is on the verge of disruption. To these we would address a few frank words.

The child that has learned that a hearty cry will bring anything it may choose to have, is already half spoiled and all but ungovernable. Let it be understood that the slaveholding oligarchy—the owners of the Southern negroes and newspapers—have only to bluster and threaten secession to set our Edward Everetts, Hiram Ketchums, and Joe Ingersolls to drumming up Union-saving meetings, and virtually urging the free States to renounce every principle, stifle every conviction, surrender every position that implies a preference of freedom to slavery, and we shall have trantrum after trantrum to the end of time. It is this "alacrity in sinking" on the part of our Northern conservatives that creates all the danger of Dissolution that exists.

As the cities that trade largely with the South are now performing their periodical Ko-Tow before the throne of King Cotton, we desire to make this truth so plain that nobody hereafter can fail to see it.

A planter grows cotton and sells it, but never thinks of selling therewith his principles, or in any manner accommodating his convictions or their avowal to the prepossessions of the prospective buyer. If that buyer comes to his price and plunks the tin, he takes the cotton; if not, not; and whether he be slaveholder, abolitionist, or neither, white, black or yellow, makes not a particle of difference—the best offer, backed by the cash, is accepted.

Why is it that calico and tape cannot be bought and sold on the same common-sense basis? Why should the buyer of goods exercise any more influence over the political opinions or acts of the producer or seller than the buyer of cotton does over the seller of that useful staple? Manifestly, the buyer in either case acts upon the promptings of his own supposed interest, and has no particular regard to the interest of the seller. Thus Great Britain is truly pronounced the hot-bed of Abolition; yet no planter besitates to sell his cotton to and buy the fabrics of the British manufacturers. He never fancies that, by doing this, he is countenancing or commending Abolition; or, if he does, it makes no difference in his action. Such an absurdity as undertaking to punish the British for their Abolition sentiments or acts by refusing to sell them cotton or buy their goods never enters his head.

Why, then, are the merchants, manufacturers and capitalists of the North always dealt with as though they were of different and baser clay than those of Great Britain, and ready to profess or disavow any sentiment in order to keep on the right side of their customers? Why is every threat of Disunion at the South met with new prostrations and genuflexions from the North?

We tell you, Cotton devotees of the Free States! that it is *your* suppleness that is driving the country toward the breakers of Disunion—it is the impression diffused throughout the South that the North can be bullied or frightened into the surrender of its convictions that invites and incites the menaces and resolves that are so fast committing the South to positions which involve the alternative of disunion or disgrace. Had you steadily, consistently said to the South, "This subject of slavery is one on which we cannot be expected to think alike, but must agree to differ. We will not intermeddle with slavery where it is, and you must not ask us to acquiesce in your planting it on common territory where it is not," there never would have been any danger of Disunion on this account. It is the current presumption at the South that the North can, through you, be brought to concede anything that the Slave Power may see fit to demand that creates the real danger.

Do you not see that there must be a limit to your concessions, and that limit must be reached at last? Some of you said, "Here it is!" when the Annexation of Texas was pressed while that country was still involved in war with our peaceful neighbor Mexico; others when the Missouri Compact was broken down; others when Kansas was invaded and her ballot-boxes polluted by the Border Ruffians, and the Federal Executive sided with the wrong-doers against their victims. Still others cried Enough when the Lecompton outrage was attempted. But the great majority have from the first shut their eyes and ears to every proof of pro-slavery aggression and wrong, lustily crying Peace when there was no peace, blinking the real question at issue, and charging their own neighbors and fellow-citizens with inciting and fomenting the agitation which was the inevitable result of pro-slavery exaction and aggression. You, gentlemen! are thus the real authors of the perils which now impend. Will you still persist in the path of danger, now that its perils are manifest?

Only let it be clearly understood that our devotion to the Union is no prompting of mercenary calculation—that, while we prefer to live in it, we can nevertheless live without it if we must—that we receive nothing from the South for which we do not render a fair equivalent, and are no more dependent on her than she is on us—that, while we do not ask her to forego the free expression of her own convictions, we will not surrender nor stifle ours—and we shall soon be all right. If she leaves us, it will be quite as much from disgust with our Doughfaces as from hate or dread of our Republicans. She loathes those who fawn on her (as she reasonably supposes) for gain quite as intensely as she detests avowed Abolitionists. Hence we see that Northern mercantile drummers and duns are now being turned back from the South without the least regard to their political professions or certificates of character. The cleanest bill of health, though emanating from an eminent cotton-broker and countersigned by a distinguished ribbon-seller, each of them conspicuous and blatant at every Union saving city meeting of the last dozen years, will hardly carry a New York merchant or clerk safely through from Richmond to New Orleans; while in Mississippi or Arkansas—especially if he is known to be on a collecting tour—he cannot get on at all. If one result of this should be a very great reduction of our import and consumption of foreign gewgaws, we shall heartily rejoice over it; if another shall be a general diffusion of manufactures and mechanic arts throughout the South, we shall regard that effect with a still deeper satisfaction. With a proper diversification of industrial pursuits, slavery would soon die out of the South, as it long ago vanished from Western Europe. Only let the North be frank and manly, calm, but resolved, and the peril of Disunion will soon have passed away.

PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING IN THE SOUTH.

TRIBULATIONS OF CONNECTICUT BOOK-AGENTS.

From The Hartford Press, Dec. 12.

TWO young men of this State—James J. Miller, of Hartford, seventeen years old (large of his age and looking older), and Emmons J. Coe, of Meriden—have just returned from North Carolina with a rather uncomfortable experience of the manner in which some of the people of that region observe the guarantees of the Constitution.

They went to Salisbury, Rowan County, about four weeks ago, as travelling agents for L. Stebbins, publisher, of this place, to sell two large and handsomely illustrated volumes, "The History of the North American Indians," and "The History of Christ and His Apostles." They took a room at the Mount Vernon House, and, after thoroughly canvassing Salisbury and the vicinity, they went to Gold Hill on Monday, Nov. 22, and returned on the evening of the 23d.

On their way back, in the evening, they met two men returning from court, who asked, "Do you know Old Brown, the insurrectionist?" "No." "Well, you look out or you will be in jail pretty soon." They heard nothing more until Wednesday morning, when, as they were looking at a fire which broke out in the Methodist church, Coe heard the Mayor say to a man standing by: "Yes; that's the very man; he stops at the Mount Vernon House." "Are you speaking of me?" said Coe. "Yes." He handed them his card, and, with Miller, returned to the hotel, whither they were followed by the man to whom the Mayor spoke. In a short time an officer with five patrolmen, carrying heavy canes, came to their door. Miller opened it, and politely asked them in. He also offered them his trunk, his keys, papers, books, letters, &c., and invited them to satisfy themselves as to his character and business. They chose to take the young men directly to the police court.

Arriving there, accompanied by a great crowd, a scene ensued supremely ludicrous to any bystander who could have dared to laugh. Three magistrates presided. The trunks were brought in, the leaves of the books turned over and over, and laid aside for more careful study. The crowd questioned a good deal, and then swore a great deal, and then questioned and swore more. They opened carefully and shook out every shirt and pair of trowsers, but no treason appeared.

The presiding magistrate said that there was nothing against them but suspicion, yet he thought it better to bind them over for trial before the Superior Court, requiring $500 bail! They asked Miller and Coe if they were ready to give bail? "Certainly not," said Miller; "take us to jail."

So they went to jail, with a solemn procession of six officers around them, and ten couples in front, and six more in the rear. They sent for a lawyer, R. B. Moore, who proved himself a frank, generous, sensible friend throughout. They had crowds of visitors daily asking to see the "d—d Yankees," or the "d—d Abolit

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

THE TWENTY-SIXTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION.

THE Anti-Slavery families who have so long made Boston the seat of this annual social occasion gratefully renew their invitation to all the early friends of Freedom, and cordially extend it to the multitudes of new friends in every part of the land, whom the past year has made; earnestly entreating the satisfaction of their company at

THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

On Wednesday, January — Soirée at 7 o'clock.

☞The general arrangements for the day and evening the same as last year.

We, who now unite in this heartfelt invitation, are not of Northern origin exclusively; some are of the South, and some have been slaveholders. But all, seeing clearly that the present must be a year of unwonted moral exertion, if the country is to be carried successfully through the present hopeful crisis, unite in entreating their friends to meet them in this way at its opening, for mutual understanding and coöperation, counsel and encouragement, sympathy and congratulation. Never were the signs of the peaceful extinction of slavery so full and propitious to the eyes long trained to read them aright.

We shall shortly send special invitations to both earlier and later friends as soon as the day in January can be determined by consultation with the more distant friends. In the meantime, we entreat all who love their native land, and are beginning to feel deeply moved to serve and save it, to consider the necessity of steady, long-sustained, unremitting exertion, such as we carry on, and to uphold it now by presence, if possible—at all events by letter and by sympathy. The names of such as have reasons for avoiding publicity will be sacredly kept, and our grateful expressions conveyed to them by private acknowledgment.

Let none who sympathize with us be absent because our special invitation may fail to reach them; for accident and omission, however carefully guarded against, are almost unavoidable in issuing invitations on so large a scale; and the occasion is one that will, we trust, bring to our acquaintance many now unknown to us, whose co-operation will be most valuable.

We entreat any whose love of the cause induces them to hesitate about making what they account a small subscription to remember that while the largest sum is small in comparison with the grandeur of the undertaking, the smallest may be the expression of high feeling, high thinking, and self-sacrifice.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MART ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
SARAH PARKER ATKINSON,	MARY E. STEARNS.

THE SACRIFICE AND THE ANSWER.

THE second offering of blood is finished. Four of the brave men who followed John Brown in life have followed him to the grave. Virginia breathes more freely now that she has the lives of nearly all the twenty men who conquered her. But she breathes uneasily, for all that, and shadows still strike terror into her soul. But they are shadows that are projected by substantial realities Not spectral, as of the past and the dead; but actual, as heralding the future and the living. There was some hope of mercy for the white prisoners entertained by those whom personal affection or private friendship prompted to hope against hope. But none who knew the heart of the slave-mastery ever reckoned it among the possibilities. As soon might mercy have been looked for

"From stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey!"

A wolf or a tiger is not so remorseless as a tyrant in a paroxysm of terror. The pang which loving hearts felt at the fate of Cooke and Coppic must have been sharpened at the thought of how narrowly they missed of an escape. But they are at rest now. They met their doom calmly and courageously, as did the two men whose complexion identified them most nearly with the race for whose deliverance they all died. They will not miss of their meed of gratitude, as they have not failed of their measure of service. They will be remembered while the conflict with slavery endures, and most assuredly will never be forgotten when it is crowned with victory. Though, in the nature of things, the name of John Brown must be foremost on the page on which History will record his daring attempt, yet there will be room enough for those of Green and of Copeland, of Coppic and of Cook, and of all his company who accompanied or followed him in life and in death.

In a former article we recalled the fact that John Brown regarded himself as an instrument prepared by God for the deliverance of the slaves and of the country. His defeat and death he looked upon as in no necessary wise contradicting this article of his belief. Without admitting that there was any special setting apart of this servant to this particular service, and accepting this event as one coming along only in the ordinary methods of the Divine Providence, it seems as if he did not overestimate the effect and importance of his mission, whether his view of its origin be received or rejected. None of the tests which have been applied to the national heart and conscience from time to time, since the conflict with slavery began—and God has never left himself without this witness of his concern in the matter—has been so electrical and so decisive as this. That desperate night and day at Harper's Ferry, and the chain of events which has depended therefrom, has put forward the hands on the dial-plate of our national destiny many years, which are the moments of History. It has done more to develop the state of feeling in regard to slavery and its issues, both at the North and the South, than anything that has gone before it. At the North, the all but unanimous sympathy which has been felt and uttered for the fate, if not for the deed, of John Brown shows how much the old pro-slavery glamour has been dispelled that formerly darkened men's eyes. An assault on the legalized property of a Southern State, in which lives were lost, was not a thing likely, at first sight, to awaken the sympathy and admiration of the hard working and calm-thinking North. It was because the true nature of that pretended property, and the mischiefs flowing from its permissive existence were understood and appreciated, as never before, that John Brown stood up before the masses of the North as a Hero instead of a Felon, and his act looked to them like a virtue instead of a crime.

All the history of the country for the last thirty years had been conducting the general mind up to this plane of opinion and feeling. Five and twenty years ago, such an act as Brown's had been impossible, and such a state of sentiment concerning it an absurd supposition. Texas and Mexico the war of the Right of Petition, the Compromise Measures, the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas War, the attempted assassination of Sumner, the proposed reöpening of the slave trade, had all been teaching great lessons to the people of the North. Slavery would not suffer the North to forget her existence or to shut its heavy eyes to her forward footsteps. The Northern people were forced to see, whether they liked it or not, that their liberties were inextricably entangled with the fetters of the slave, and that the one could not be secure until the others had been broken. And so when an earnest hand struck a blow for the deliverance of the slaves, that blow, though baffled, awakened a thrill and an echo in thousands of Northern hearts. And now that the Democratic tools of the slavocracy, and the coward wealth of the country, with all that is base and servile in the Northern country, are coming together to do suit and service to slavery and to assure the slave-masters of their unshaken fealty to their service, not a man nor a press in the ranks of the party predominant in the North, and hopeful of seizing the control of the nation, ventures to show himself in their assembly nor join an answering voice to theirs. There are leaders among them, we doubt not, that are not far from them in heart and soul, but they know that their lips, at least, must be far from them, or their hold on the voting multitudes would be unloosened. It is a significant thing when the Salvation of the Union is left to the defeated and hopeless minority, while the ruling party makes a mock of their fears and refuses to take part in their liturgy. It is no wonder that the slaveholders put their heels on the speeches and resolutions of such meetings, and find even Edward Everett and Caleb Cushing wanting when weighed in the pro-slavery balance.

And while these passions have been developed at the North, antagonist passions have blazed up in the South, with a fury never yet seen in action. The weakness of the body politic which nurses such a plague-spot as slavery as its main source of health and strength was indeed demonstrated as never was done before. But the patient is not always, or often, sensible of the most fatal symptoms of his disease. Indeed, the disease seems to have had delirium superinduced upon its other marked developments. Crying aloud, cursing and blasphemy, wounding themselves and willingness to perish, if needs be, so that they could do a damage to their imaginary enemies, were among the slightest of the marks of possession evinced by these demoniacs. Never before was the South—meaning thereby the controlling slaveholding element of the slaveholders which holds all else in check—in so frantic a state of excitement as at present. It is an excitement of mingled terror and hatred—fear of the blacks at the South and hatred of the whites at the North. Their whole course is one tending yet more to alienate the North and to make its inhabitants feel that there is not much Union left to save or to dissolve. When their agents are sent back, not from any pro slavery proclivities—for it is not to be supposed any house in Southern trade would send any man thither who was not sound to the core—but merely because they came from New York or Boston, they will be apt to inquire of what advantage is the Constitution to them? They must laugh at the stupid folly that seeks to turn back the laws of trade, and know that merchandise must flow in the natural channels, in spite of all artificial obstructions; but the hollowness of the pretence of a common country, from one-half of which they are shut out because they live in the other half, must force itself upon their minds. When invalids are ordered home, and long-established settlers dislodged, and, as happened in at least one case, when a man who had delivered a pro-slavery lecture in his native town, on a visit to New England, is tarred and feathered in the most shocking manner for what must have been a most gentle dissent from some especial paradox of slavery, their neighbors and friends must needs feel how ludicrous a sham the Union is.

We have never been of the number of those who regard the possibility of Disunion on the part of the South as an absurdity; on the contrary, it is from that quarter of the heavens we look for it. We believe, indeed, that the mass of the reflecting slaveholders know that the Union is of vital importance to their institution, and that the interests of property demand its preservation. But revolutions are never ciphered out with a slate and pencil. They come out of men's hearts and not out of their pockets. They spring from men's passions and not from their interests. The American Revolution was not set on foot and carried through by the property of the country, and it was certainly very much to the hurt of its material interests. It was through the indignant passions of the masses of people, excited, not by rich men and not always by pure and disinterested men, that the flame was kindled which made the country too hot for George III. So it is at the South, now. The noisy demagogues, the men that are loudest in defence of her rights and domestic institutions, are not the Aikens and Hamptons, but men without a negro and almost without a dollar, who take up this cry as the one that is to lead them on to fortune. Such men as these, whether on the stump or in the editorial chair, create and mould the active political sentiment of the South. That such men think that Disunion would be a good thing for them, may be easily believed, and they make the multitudes believe with them, and the property-holders do not dare to contradict them. If the Republicans have but the pluck to elect Seward in spite of their clamor, it is our individual opinion that there would be a serious movement in the direction of Disunion. And we believe the North, by that time, will be willing to let them go without opposition. But we are by no means sure that the Republican leaders are ready to stand to their guns in the face of the fire that has been opened upon them. At least, judging from the ducking and dodging of bullets to be noticed on the quarter-deck of the Senate, we rather think they have not been kicked quite enough yet. But we believe that land is in sight, and that, if not in 1860, at least in 1864, we may have the paradox of the ancient philosopher made clear, and see how much more the half is than the whole.

RIGHT AND WRONG IN PHILADELPHIA.

WE are disappointed in not receiving a letter from our Philadelphia Correspondent for the present issue, the fatigue induced by the extraordinary labors and excitements of the last few weeks having compelled him to postpone what he intended to write of the interesting scenes and events of last week in that city. Having ourselves been an eye-witness of some of the occurrences alluded to, we will use the small space at our command, just before going to press, for a statement which, while it will in some degree satisfy the eager curiosity of our readers, will not detract from the interest of the more complete account which we hope our Correspondent will next week furnish.

THE ANTI SLAVERY FAIR.

The Twenty-fourth Annual Fair of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society was opened in Concert Hall, in Chestnut street, on Monday evening, Dec. 12th. The display of goods was very fine, and the sales up to Wednesday night quite satisfactory. The pro-slavery party, excited by recent events, were greatly annoyed by the evidence which this Fair, quietly proceeding before their eyes, afforded that the recent "Union-Saving" demonstration had failed to put down, or even intimidate, the Abolitionists. The flag of the Fair, suspended across the most fashionable street of the city, with its picture of the Old Liberty Bell of the Revolution, bearing the incendiary inscription, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof," excited their deep indignation. A city ordinance, forbidding the suspension of any flag across a street, though violated every day by other citizens with impunity, was hunted up and enforced against the lady managers of the Fair. The friends of the Union were also greatly annoyed at beholding the most fashionable hall in the city in possession of those whom they had so lately denounced in public meeting as fanatics and traitors. The "honor of Philadelphia" must be vindicated by their extrusion. An effort was first made, we understand, by the Trustees, to dispossess the lessee by a summary process for arrears of rent; but this was found to be impracticable. The lease was then examined and found to contain a clause permitting the Trustees to take summary possession of the hall in case it should be let for any purpose calculated to endanger its safety. This was just the pretext that was needed. A writ of ejectment was served by the sheriff about noon on Thursday, and the ladies, though there had not been the slightest symptom of disturbance, were compelled to remove their goods. The Fair was opened the next day, however, in the Assembly Building, and continued till Saturday evening. Whether the sales were increased or diminished by the removal we are unable to say. We only know that the Fair, in spite of this chivalrous interruption by the Union-Savers, was a complete success. The lady managers "took joyfully" the removal, if not "the spoiling, of their goods."

FREEDOM OF SPEECH VINDICATED.

The announcement that George W. Curtis, Esq., would speak at National Hall, on Thursday evening, upon "The Present Aspects of the Slavery Question," stirred the wrath of the pro-slavery party to its lowest depths. They declared that they could not and would not stand it. A combination was formed and money contributed by wealthy merchants to break up the meeting. An effort was made by leading and influential citizens to overawe the Mayor, but he at once declared that, although he had not the least sympathy with the views which Mr. Curtis was reputed to hold and thought his friends were hardly excusable for endeavoring to procure a hearing for him in the then excitable state of the public mind, he would protect the meeting, if necessary, by all the power which the law placed in his hands. And he fulfilled his promise. We have not room to enter into particulars. Suffice it to say that it was a splendid vindication of the right of Free Speech against a lawless mob. An excited throng, gathered in front of the hall in consequence of a mobocratic appeal in some of the papers, and animated by a fixed determination to break up the meeting, was kept at bay by the police, while those inside who attempted to make a disturbance were promptly arrested and removed. The audience, numbering hardly less than 2,000 people, behaved with admirable coolness. The contrast between this scene and that which occured in the same city in 1838, when the Mayor quietly allowed a mob to drive the friends of freedom from the place where they were assembled and to burn a beautiful and costly public hall, was very gratifying.

ANTI SLAVERY MEETINGS.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the very interesting anti-slavery meetings held in the Assembly Building on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—two sessions each day. James Mott occupied the chair. The room was uncomfortably crowded nearly all the time, and the spirit manifested such as to encourage the friends of the cause. The speaking, when we were present, and, we believe, at other times also, was very good. Among those who addressed the meeting (we write from memory) were Lucretia Mott, Marius R. Robinson, J. M. McKim, Theodore Tilton, Robert Purvis, Henry Grew, Joseph A. Dugdale and Oliver Johnson. The discussions, of course, received their impress from the stirring events of the time. Some of the speakers, ourselves included, were much misrepresented by the daily press. A stranger, reading the reports, would suppose that the editor of this paper had abjured the sentiments in regard to peace which he has held for more than twenty years. The reporters either misunderstood or designedly misrepresented what we said, sometimes putting into our mouth a sentiment exactly the opposite of that which we uttered.

UNION-SAVING IN NEW YORK.

THE Sham Democracy and their new allies, the Cotton Whigs, held a convocation at the Academy of Music on Monday evening last, to perform their periodical Ko-Tow before the Moloch of the land, and, under the pretence of "saving the Union," to offer aid and comfort to those who avow their determination to dissolve it into its original elements as soon as it shall become clear that it can be no longer used to extend, fortify and perpetuate the system of slavery. That a meeting called for such a purpose, at such a time, in a city where the devotees of the Trinity of Commerce (aptly described by Theodore Parker as "the Golden Eagle, the Silver Dollar and the Copper Cent," the three together constituting "One Money") are more numerous than the worshippers of the true God; where Christianity, as taught in the most orthodox and fashionable pulpits, is held to be compatible with the practice of breeding children for the market like calves and pigs; where the Ledger is regarded as paramount to the Bible, and where devotion to the great principles of the Declaration of Independence is accounted fanaticism and treason—that such a meeting, in such a place, at such a time as the present, should be attended by an eager and enthusiastic, though deluded, crowd is only a matter of course. That the majority of the people in this city are "Union-Savers," as that term is usually understood, we do not deny; but that majority is every day growing less, while the opposite party is rapidly augmenting its ranks. The meeting of Monday evening did not, like the similar demonstrations of 1835 and 1850, represent the common sentiment of the two great parties of the day, but only that of the Sham Democracy and their new recruits, the Cotton Whigs, whose united devotion to slavery and willingness to eat any amount of dirt that the Slave Power might require was never doubtful. The pretence that the meeting was composed of the "friends of the Union, irrespective of party," is a transparent fraud. It was a "Democratic" meeting, pure and simple, for not a single person entitled to represent the only other living party of the day took any part whatever therein. If the slaveholders can derive any comfort from this new degradation on the part of their old and persistent allies, who are as impotent to resist the growth of the Anti-Slavery Sentiment of the North as dame Partington was to beat back the tide with her mop, their condition must be desperate indeed. We can tell them that every such demonstration serves but to intensify the "irrepressible conflict," to open the eyes of thousands to the shame and the wickedness of slavery, and thus to augment the ranks of the Abolitionists.

The call of the meeting is said to have been signed—we know not with how much truth—by twenty thousand persons. When it is considered that the city contains nearly a million of inhabitants and not less than sixty thousand Democratic voters, and that one hundred men were employed for three weeks in circulating the call, we do not think the number of signatures affords any ground for exultation on the part of the Union-Savers.

Mayor Tiemann, a Free Soiler of 1848 (merely for the purpose of helping Martin Van Buren and his friends to avenge themselves in defeating Gen. Cass), presided, with the assistance of a formidable array of Vice-Presidents. Letters were received from Gen. Scott, George Briggs, M. C., D. D. Barnard of Albany, Ex-Presidents Van Buren, Fillmore and Pierce, and Fernando Wood. They contain little else than the stereotyped platitudes about the "Union," "sectionalism," "No North, No South, No East, No West," &c. Mr. Fillmore said: "My sentiments on this unfortunate [oh!] question of slavery, and the constitutional rights of the South in regard to it, have not changed since they were made manifest to the whole country by the performance of a *painful* [mark the word, slaveholders!] official duty in approving and enforcing the Fugitive Slave law." The following passage from the same letter will be particularly comforting to Ex-President Pierce, whose epistle, almost tearful in its sublime devotion to the Union, appears in the same column. Its point will be understood by those who remember that it was the official hand of Franklin Pierce that opened the "Pandora's box" which Webster, Fillmore & Co. had put under a patent "double-action" compromise lock!

"After a severe struggle, which threatened the integrity of the Union, Congress finally passed laws settling these questions; and the government and the people for a time seemed to acquiesce in that *compromise* as a final settlement of this exciting question; and it is exceedingly to be regretted that mistaken ambition or the hope of promoting a party triumph should have tempted any one to raise this question again. But in an evil hour this Pandora's box of slavery was again opened by what I conceive to be an unjustifiable attempt to force slavery into Kansas by a repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the flood of evils now swelling and threatening to overthrow the Constitution, and sweep away the foundations of the government itself, and deluge this land with fraternal blood, may all be traced to this unfortunate act. Whatever might have been the motive, few acts have ever been so barren of good, and so fruitful of evil. The contest has exasperated the public mind, North and South, and engendered feelings of distrust, and I may say, hate, that I fear it will take years to wear away. The lamentable tragedy at Harper's Ferry is clearly traceable to this unfortunate controversy about slavery in Kansas."

The following extract from Ex-President Pierce's letter certainly appears cool, when it is considered that every step which the Union-Savers have taken from 1848 to the present time in relation to the extension of slavery has been in open contempt of the opinions and doctrine of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and all the other lights of the early days of the Republic:

"If we will enjoy repose and security ourselves, and if we will give repose and security to others, we must return not merely to the opinion and doctrines of the Revolutionary Fathers of the North and South, but we must cultivate their sentiment, emulate their comprehensive patriotism and imitate their just and manly example."

Is not this the acme of impudence and cool effrontery?

Prayers on the occasion was offered by the Rev. Dr. Vermilye (Ref. Dutch). Interpreted by the circumstances of the occasion and the sentiments of the Rev. gentleman, it was a petition to God, not that the chains of enslaved millions might be broken and our great national crime repented of and forsaken, but that the efforts of corrupt politicians to fortify and perpetuate slavery might be successful. If the "amen" did not "stick in his throat," it must have been because that throat was, in the words which King David applied to the workers of iniquity in his day, "an open sepulchre."

The resolutions were presented by James Brooks, editor of that unscrupulous and scurrilous sheet, *The Express*.

The speakers were the said James Brooks, Charles O'Conor (an Irish lawyer and Catholic), ex-Governor Hunt (formerly a Cotton Whig), James S. Thayer (another Cotton Whig), Ex-Senator Dix, Prof. O. M. Mitchell of Cincinnati, and the Rev. Dr. Bethune! (It was unkind in the managers not to invite Dr. Cox, who can do up the Union-saving business in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic or Sanscrit, at short notice.) Of these speeches we have only to say that they were characterized at some points by Bediamitish delusion and insanity, and at others by an unscrupulous disregard of the commonest principles of morality and a profligate contempt of the law of God. We do not believe that Sodom itself was sunk in a lower deep of moral corruption than that into which this country would be plunged by putting in practice the doctrines inculcated by this meeting. Mr. O'Conor, with more boldness and a clearer logic than some of his associates, declared that slavery is "the natural condition of the negro"—that it is "an institution created by nature itself"—that "it is not injustice to leave the negro in that condition in which nature placed him"—that "it is not depriving him of any of his rights to compel him to labor and thus afford his master a just compensation for the labor and the talent (!) employed in governing him and rendering him useful to himself and to the society in which he lives." "These," said Mr. O'Conor, "are the principles which the extreme measures of the Abolitionists compel us to meet. This is the ground that we must take. We are not to talk about slavery being an evil—of slavery being a thing which, though pernicious, must be tolerated because we have made a bargain to tolerate it. We are to look at it as it is; we are to look at it by the voice of inspiration, as to be found in the Sacred Volume, which nowhere condemns the bondage of those who are only fit for bondage. We must look at it with the eyes of sound philosophy, and we must pronounce it just, benign, lawful and proper." If the other speakers did not go quite so far as this in terms, they certainly did not rebuke these atrocious sentiments. Mr. O'Conor also said that, if the North should continue to "degrade itself" by the election of Republican members of Congress, "the South is not to be censured if it withdraws from the Union." This open justification of *disunion*, in a meeting called especially to *preserve* the Union, was certainly refreshing.

Of Dr. Bethune's speech it is sufficient to say that it was in keeping with all the rest of the proceedings. It illustrated those "generous impulses toward freedom and the right" (!!) and that "spiritual (!!) fervor, sometimes highly impassioned," for which *The Independent*, with characteristic toadyism, lately complimented him, and which, according to that journal, make him "a general favorite with the Christian (!) public."

Of the scenes on the outside of the building we have not room for any extended account. There was speaking from three different stands (by Capt. Ryders among others), and the spirit which characterized the whole was exemplified in one or two incidents. Before the meetings were organized, an effigy of the Rev. Dr. Cheever, seated on a chair, was burned in Fourteenth street. A large crowd gathered about the burning pile, and hooted and yelled like madmen. Over the effigy was a banner with the inscription—

"Seward, Greeley, Cheever—
Three in one—
May they all perish,
As did John Brown."

The name of Wendell Phillips was greeted by fiendish shouts and yells. "That young fanatic, Theodore Tilton," was honored with three groans!

What the slaveholders think of this dirt-eating at the North may be learned from some very instructive extracts from Southern journals, on the first page.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN A THEATRE.

THE play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the National Theatre, in this city, in 1853-4, was not only a source of large pecuniary gains, but the means of diffusing light as to the character of slavery and exciting an anti-slavery sentiment among large classes of people who could not well be reached by any other means. Rarely, in the whole history of the stage, has a play been more popular or successful than that, and we have often wondered why dramatic writers and theatrical managers, who are generally supposed to have a shrewd eye for business and a quick apprehension of the popular taste, did not work the mine which this experiment proved to be so rich. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it will be remembered, was put upon the stage here, not in Broadway, nor in any other fashionable locality, but in a small and rather uncomfortable theatre in Chatham street—an establishment that had previously derived its chief support from the poorest class of theatre-goers—a sort of Nazareth in theatrical geography, at the mention of which dainty Fashion assumed an air of contempt. The example set in so unpromising a quarter has not, however, been without its effect upon the proprietors of the more fashionable places of amusement. One manager in Broadway—Mr. Stuart of the "Winter Garden" (formerly the Metropolitan Theatre)—has had the courage and the good sense to bring out a genuine anti-slavery drama, "THE OCTOROON," which bids fair to have as successful a run as "Uncle Tom." It has attracted a crowd every night for a fortnight, and seems likely enough to do so all winter.

The author of "The Octoroon" is the famous dramatist and actor, Mr. Dion Bourcicault, who himself takes one of the principal characters; the part of the heroine being played by Mrs. Bourcicault, whose theatrical cognomen is "Miss Agnes Robertson." We shall not attempt a full description of the play, but advise all our readers, who *can* do so, to go and see it for themselves. Our country friends, when they come to the city, will find an evening at the "Winter Garden" more than agreeable.

"The Octoroon" exhibits Southern life not by any means in its worst aspects; the dialogue is not very exciting, while the dramatic situations are often quite agreeable. The more revolting features of slavery, if not concealed, are rather hinted at than made prominent; and yet the effect of the play, as a whole, is to excite hatred of slavery. The religious features of "Uncle Tom," which made it so attractive to multitudes, are wanting in "The Octoroon"; but the latter has merits of its own that cannot fail to make a deep impression. The scenes illustrative of plantation life in Louisiana are capitally conceived and represented. The manners and conversation of the whole *dramatis personæ* are well calculated to show that slavery, even in its least revolting aspects, is an outrage upon human nature and a sin against God.

The presentation of this drama in the most fashionable theatre of New York at the present time, when the Cotton Hunkerism of the city is moved to another spasmodic demonstration to save the Union, is a sign of the times which the slaveholders and their sycophantic followers would do well to heed.

DEFENCE OF KOSSUTH.

IN THE STANDARD of Oct. 15th we copied from *The Tribune* a letter from London, in which Louis Kossuth's movements in connection with the late war in Italy were severely criticized, and, indeed, set in such a light that they appeared to afford evidence of treachery on his part to the cause of European liberty. Calling to mind his shameful recreancy to principle while in this country, as manifested not only by his refusal to speak a word against slavery, but by his fulsome encomiums upon the tyrant slaveholders and their unscrupulous adherents, we were quite prepared to give credence to the statements of *The Tribune's* correspondent, whose name even was unknown to us. Finding such a letter in a journal which had been foremost in heaping laudations upon Kossuth, we naturally supposed it to be worthy of credit; and as it only confirmed the opinion we had formed of his character, we copied it, not from any private feeling whatever, but for reasons involving the welfare of the cause we serve. A sense of justice, however, now constrains us to give place to the following extract of a private letter from an Abolitionist in England to a warm friend of the anti-slavery cause in this country. The writer is a man in whose integrity we have entire confidence. He says:

"I was deeply grieved to see *The Tribune* correspondence about Kossuth republished in THE STANDARD. Many things there stated were downright LIES, and I know what I say, and everything else was distorted by so evident a bias that I could say immediately from whose malicious inspiration the correspondent had drawn all his facts. Kossuth is not a perfect man, but the man to whom the millions of serfs in Hungary, Croatia and all Austria owe their freedom (and I speak what history will record as a fact) the man who has sacrificed all he could sacrifice except life, to whom at the present moment it is owing that thousands of precious lives were not needlessly thrown away—that man is not to be branded as a traitor to humanity. I care not to whom you show this. I have heard how those who have known Kossuth from his earliest days speak of him in his own land, and the spite of Szemere, who hates him, because he is a greater man than he can ever be, ought not to be backed up by the Abolitionists. I know he is sorry that he did not act differently in the States. He knows that he was mistaken in his estimate of American politicians; but his mistake was one that a man unaware of the baseness of your political leaders could easily make; he did not give men credit for baseness enough to be all that the Abolitionists said they were. He knows better now, but the Abolitionists ought not to be the men to injure him now. You would not refuse help from any quarter to free the States from the curse of slavery; you would say, if opposed to slavery, in that one scheme we will work together; I regret that you are not up to the standard in everything, but, Infidel or Christian, welcome in this warfare! To Kossuth, the Hungarian, no cause is more sacred than Hungary's free-

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EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN'S COMPANIONS.

Condensed from The Tribune's Report.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Dec. 16, 1859.

THE PRISONERS YESTERDAY.

THE prisoners were visited yesterday afternoon by the Rev. Mr. Nassau, the Rev. Mr. Dutton, and the Rev. Mr North, of the Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Henry Waugh, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The services in the cells were of an interesting and solemn character, and were participated in by all the condemned men. They all gave unqualified assent to the convictions of religious truth, and each expressed a hope of salvation in the world to come.

Cook has been visited throughout his imprisonment by the Rev. N. Green North, at the request of the prisoner, as also of Govs. Wise and Willard.

The Rev. Mr. North was present at an interview between Coppic and Mr. Butler, a Quaker gentleman from Ohio, who raised the prisoner. He describes the interview as an affecting one, and speaks highly of Mr. Butler's Christian deportment and advice to the prisoner. Mr. Butler says that Coppic was a trusty but very wilful boy. An uncle of Coppic, of the same name, from Ohio, his father's brother, visited him also yesterday, the interview lasting over an hour. He seemed in much distress at the sad fate which awaited his relative.

THE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.

At a quarter past eight o'clock last evening the whole town was thrown into commotion by the report of a rifle under the wall of the jail, followed by several other shots from the vicinity of the guard-house, in close proximity to the jail. The military were called to arms, and the excitement was intense beyond anything that has yet occurred during our ever-memorable era of military occupation. In a few minutes the streets and avenues of the town were in possession of armed men, and it was with some difficulty that the cause of the turmoil could be ascertained. Rumors of every description were afloat, and it was at one time thought the prisoners had overpowered their guards and made their escape; and then that an attack had been made on the jail by parties attempting to rescue the prisoners. It was dangerous for a citizen to go out to ascertain the true cause of the excitement, and rumors of a most alarming character floated in, to be contradicted by momentary new arrivals of citizens, driven in from the streets.

The sentinel stationed near the jail reported that at a quarter past eight o'clock he observed a man on the jail wall. He challenged him, and, receiving no answer, fired at him. Another head was also seen above the wall, but he retreated as soon as the first one had been fired at. The man on the top of the wall seemed at first determined to jump down, but the sentinel declared his intention of impaling him on his bayonet, and he then retreated into the jail-yard with Coppic, and both gave themselves up without further resistance. Cook afterward remarked that if he could have got over and throttled the guard, he would have made his escape.

The Shenandoah mountains are within ten minutes run of the jail wall; and had he reached them, with his thorough knowledge of the mountains, his arrest would have been difficult, especially as but few of the military could have followed him during the night. They had succeeded after two weeks' labor, whenever alone, and at night when the bed-clothing muffled the sound of the saw which they had made out of an old Barlow knife, in cutting through their iron shackles, so that they could pry them off at any moment they should have their other work completed.

They had also made a sort of a chisel out of an old bed screw, with which they succeeded, as opportunity would offer, in removing the plaster from the wall, and then brick after brick, until a space sufficient for them to pass through was opened, all to the removal of the outer brick. The part of the wall on which they operated was in the rear of the bed on which they slept; and the bed, being pushed against the wall, completely hid their work from view. The bricks they took out were concealed in the drum of a stove, and the dirt and plaster removed in the course of their work was placed between the bed-clothing. They acknowledged that they had been to work a whole week in making the aperture in the wall.

Their cell being on the first floor, the aperture was not more than five feet above the pavement of the yard, and, when freed of their shackles, their access to the yard was quite easy. Here, however, there was a smooth brick wall about fifteen feet high to scale. This difficulty was, however, soon overcome, with the aid of the timbers of the scaffold on which Capt. Brown was hung, and which were intended also for their own execution. They placed these against the wall, and soon succeeded in reaching the top, from which they could have easily dropped to the other side, had not the vigilance of the sentinel on duty so quickly checked their movements. They were arrested in the jail yard by Gen. Taliaferro and the officer of the day, who rushed to the jail the moment the alarm was given. Gen. Taliaferro immediated telegraphed to Gov Wise, informing him of the frustrated attempt of the prisoners. His answer directed that the military should immediately take possession of the interior of the jail and guard the prisoners until they were executed.

The hole made in the wall was a large one, and the room was in the second story. Cook, after his capture, said to a gentleman that they had done the best they could, that life was as sweet to them as to any one else, and that they had planned it for ten days. They had set down Tuesday night for the attempt, but it was deferred on account of not wishing to compromise Gov. Willard, who was in town that night. The prisoners conversed on a variety of subjects this morning. Cook said to a gentleman who addressed him, that they fully believed slavery to be a sin, and that it would be abolished in Virginia in less than ten years, and that by the people of Virginia. He was prepared to die in such a cause, and thought he had done nothing to regret so far as principle was concerned. Coppic said he feared the affair was not ended yet; that they had friends at the North who would not rest satisfied, he feared, till they had been avenged. He hoped, however, that the affair would end here forever.

EXECUTION OF COPELAND AND GREEN.

At 10 1 2 o'clock Gen. Taliaferro, with his staff, numbering about twenty-five officers, having given orders to prepare the two negro prisoners, Shields Green and John Copeland, for execution, took their departure to join the main body of the troops on the field.

The military then formed in a hollow square around the jail, and an open wagon, containing the coffins of the prisoners, drew up in front, with a carriage to convey Sheriff Campbell and his Deputies.

The crowd of citizens and strangers was very great—at least five times as numerous as on the occasion of Brown's execution—most of whom were already on the field, while others wanted to see the prisoners come out.

The religious ceremonies in the cell of the prisoners were very impressive, and were conducted by the Rev. Mr. North of the Presbyterian, and the Rev. Henry Waugh of the M. E. Church.

At a quarter before 11 o'clock, the prisoners, accompanied by the Sheriff and Rev. Mr. North, appeared at the jail door, and with their arms pinioned moved slowly forward toward the vehicle in waiting for them. They were helped into the wagon and took their seats on their coffins without scarcely looking to the right or left. The escort now commenced to move, and the wagon was closely flanked on either side by a company of riflemen marching in double file, lock step.

At seven minutes before 11 o'clock the procession entered the field occupied by the military, and the prisoners cast a shuddering glance toward the gallows erected on the rising ground in its centre. In two minutes more the wagon stopped at the foot of the gallows; and while the prisoners were alighting, the companies forming the escort moved off to the position assigned them on the field.

The prisoners mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and were immediately joined by Sheriff Campbell. After a brief prayer by the clergyman, the caps were drawn over their heads and the ropes affixed around their necks.

During the few moments they thus stood, Copeland remained quiet, but Green was engaged in earnest prayer up to the time the trap was drawn, when they were both launched into eternity.

Green died very easy, his neck being broken by the fall. The motion of his body was very slight. Copeland seemed to suffer very much, and his body writhed in violent contortions for several minutes. They were accompanied on the gallows by Reverends Waugh, North and Lerh, to whom they bid an affectionate farewell, and expressed the hope of meeting them in Heaven. The bodies were placed in poplar coffins and carried back to jail. They will be interred to-morrow on the spot where the gallows stands, but there is a party of medical students here from Winchester who will doubtless not allow them to remain there long.

EXECUTION OF COOK AND COPPIC.

The bodies of the negro prisoners having been brought back to the jail, at about 11 3-4 o'clock, notice was given to Cooke and Coppic that their time was approaching—only one hour more being allowed them. The military movements, similar to those at the first execution, were repeated; and the wagon, with two more coffins, was standing at the door at 12 1-2 o'clock. The same military escort was in readiness, while the closing religious ceremonies were progressing in the cell. Since the failure of their attempt to escape last night, their assumed composure and apparent resignation had given way, and they now looked at their fate with the full conviction of its awful certainty. They were reserved and rather quiet, but fervently joined in the religious ceremonies conducted by Messrs. North, Lehr and Waugh.

Previous to their departure for the scaffold the prisoners were engaged in the entrance washing their feet and putting on their under-clothing. Capt. Avis said that if they had anything to say they could say it then, in the presence of fifteen or twenty persons. Cooke replied that he was grateful, indeed, for the kindness shown him by Sheriff Campbell, the jailer, and the guards. To the Rev. Messrs. Waugh, North, Littell, Lerh, and the other ministers who had manifested such interest in his welfare, and Messrs. Joseph F. Blessing and John J. Cocke, as well as the citizens generally, for their kindness to him, he was very grateful.

At this point Coppic looked up and said, "Them's my sentiments, too, gentlemen." Cooke then gave directions in regard to one or two articles; one, a breastpin, he did not want taken off, then, nor at the scaffold. He wished it given to his wife, or to his boy if he lived. Within his shirt-bosom, on the left side, were a daguerreotype and lock of his son's hair, which he wished given to his wife. Both requested that their arms should not be pinioned tight enough to stop the circulation of the blood, which was complied with. A blue cloth talma was thrown over Coppic, and a dark one over Cooke.

During these pro

dom. He acted similarly, but he made the mistake to believe that men opposed to freedom in America could be friends to freedom elsewhere. He has found out his error. It was one of the many disappointments he has had to bear. God help him. It is very sad that such a noble hand as your associates are should make his heavy burden harder to be borne. With patience he has borne it, without a reply. Time will exculpate him, I fear not; but I love him and his cause too well not to say this and bear my testimony in his behalf."

FREE SPEECH IN NEW YORK.

We have the pleasure, this week, of announcing a signal triumph of the cause of Free Speech in this city over the combined efforts of a pro-slavery mob. We allude to what transpired at the meeting held in the Cooper Institute, on Thursday evening of last week, for the purpose of augmenting the fund for the benefit of John Brown's family. Having been absent from the city at the time, our knowledge of what took place is derived from the newspapers and from the statements of friends. The space at our command since our return will only allow a very brief statement. The speakers advertised were Dr. Cheever, Wendell Phillips and Rev. J. R. W. Sloane. A large audience convened. Prayer having been offered by the Rev. Mr French (Methodist), Dr. Cheever was introduced. He had not proceeded far when a mobocratic spirit began to develop itself. He was interrupted by various noisy exclamations, but persevered until he had finished all that he had to offer. The speech was in the Doctor's best vein, instinct with sound logic, deep moral earnestness, and stinging but well-aimed invective against the unscrupulous supporters of slavery. He was frequently compelled to stop, while the police, under Superintendent Pillsbury, did their best to restore order. Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the seats, their task was attended with much difficulty. The disturbers finally concentrated themselves in one corner of the hall, where for some time they continued their interruptions.

Wendell Phillips followed Dr. Cheever, and by his admirable self-possession and ready wit, succeeded in turning the tables upon the disturbers. Interrupted at various points, and sometimes quite seriously, he was inspired rather than embarrassed thereby, and succeeded in making one of the most masterly addresses that he ever delivered in this city, or anywhere else. His fine powers of argument, eloquence and sarcasm were brought effectually into play, and he made not a few of the disturbers, some of whom wore the external appearance of gentlemen, ashamed of themselves; while many who before were filled with prejudice against him, were completely won by the convincing power of his address. "His control over the disturbers," a friend says, "was as complete as that of a cat over a mouse once within the stroke of her paw."

The Rev. J. R. W. Sloane also made an admirable speech, marked by the courage of the old Covenanter and the fire of a true eloquence; and thus the programme was carried out to the end. It was a substantial triumph of Free Speech, and the Superintendent of Police deserves the thanks of the community for his conduct on the occasion.

JOHN BROWN WAS A BROWN.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

For the benefit of those who cannot conceive how John Brown could have engaged in his desperate adventure, I send you a few sentences from "*Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby*" (republished by Ticknor and Fields, some two years ago), from which work it appears that, even letting his religion and humanity alone, John Brown must be forgiven for what he did. It was in his blood. He could not help it. In one word, *he was a Brown*. The work, above referred to, commences thus with an account of this peculiar species of the human race:

"The Browns have become illustrious by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle. . . . . For two centuries, in their quiet, dogged, homespun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English counties and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. . . . . The Browns are a fighting family. One may question their wisdom, or wit, or beauty, but about their fight there can be no question. . . . . Their family training, combined with their turn for combativeness, makes them eminently Quixotic. *They can't let anything alone which they think going wrong. They must speak their minds about it, annoying all easy-going folk; and spend their time and money in having a tinker at it, however hopeless the job. It is an impossibility to a Brown to leave the most disreputable lame dog on the other side of a stile. Most other folk get tired of such work. The old Browns go on believing and fighting to a green old age. . . . And the most provoking thing is that no failures knock them up, or make them hold their hands, or think you or me, or other sane people, in the right.*"

The writer whom I thus quote remarks that the stability of the British Empire is to be attributed to the general diffusion of *Browns*. And truly our American Empire is beginning to find out that the Browns are a great natural institution, since only one of this race, suddenly appearing in Virginia, has thrown the whole country into an uproar, and will have people think of nothing but himself.

While the Browns are such a potent family, it would seem, from the following article, which an unknown friend has sent me, that the *John* Browns are the Browns of the Browns.

THE TWO JOHN BROWNS.

The execution of John Brown at Charlestown, Va., on the 2d of December, 1859, by Gov. Wise, brings to mind the "murder of John Brown the Covenanter," by bloody Claverhouse, in the year 1685. And there are circumstances in the one case very similar to those in the other. The American Brown and his wife seem to have possessed the same firmness at the fatal moment, and each of the victims died with the same Christian fortitude. The particulars of the death scene of the American John Brown, as far as we have been permitted to know them, are fresh in our memories; the "Biographia Presbyteriana" gives us the following particulars of the "murder" of the Scottish John Brown. Both events are likely to live in the memory of future generations.

"The next morning, between five and six hours, the said John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going with a spade in his hand to make ready some peat ground; the mist being very dark, he knew not until bloody, cruel Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horses, brought him to his house and there examined him; who, though he was a man of stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly and solidly; which made Claverhouse to examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the moors, if ever they had heard him preach." They answered, "No, no, he never was a preacher." He said, "If he has never preached, much has he prayed in his time." He said to John, "Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die. While he was praying aloud, Claverhouse interrupted him three times. One time Claverhouse said, "I gave you time to pray, and you are begun to preach." He turned about upon his knees, and said, "Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching or praying," and then continued without confusion. (We presume the American John Brown was not permitted to speak aloud at all, or, at least, not within the hearing of any of his friends, or of any persons who might have been influenced by his words.) "When ended," Claverhouse said, "Take good night of your wife and children." His wife standing by, with a child in her arms, he came to her, and said, "Now, Isabel, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me." She said, "Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you." Then he said, "That's all I desire; I have no more to do but die—I have been in case to meet with death for so many years." (How very like this is to the last interview between the American Brown and his wife, and his declarations to her on that occasion!) "He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them, and his blessing." Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him; the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" She said, "I thought ever much good of him, and as much now as ever." He said, "It were but justice to lay thee beside him." She said, "If ye were permitted, I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length; but how will you make answer for this morning's work?" He said, "To man I can be answerable; and for God, I will take him in my own hands." He then mounted his horse, and marched, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there; she sat the bairn upon the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him; it being a very desert place, and far from neighbors. (Who can imagine the bitter anguish of that desolate woman weeping in that desert place over the dead body of her murdered husband! And can we picture the agony which the now desolate widow of the American Brown must feel in weeping over the dead body of her slain one?) This is from the "Biographia Presbyteriana."

Here is Claverhouse's own version of the matter, in a report to Lord Treasurer Queensberry (31 May, 1685). "May it please your Grace: On Friday last, among the hills between Douglas and the Ploughlands, we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in the end seized them. They had no arms about them, and denied they had any. But being asked if they would take the *abjuration*, the eldest of the two, called John Brown, refused it; nor would he swear not to rise in arms against the King, but said *he knew no King*. Upon which, and there being found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable papers" (these last charges were, no doubt, thrown in gratuitously, to prepare the way for the remainder of the sentence, which runs thus), "I caused shoot him dead; which he suffered very unconcernedly." (Short work this, certainly. And "the time is coming, and now is," when Northern men will be hunted and seized in the Southern States, and, on refusing to abjure their opinions adverse to slavery, will be SHOT, with as little hesitancy as the Scottish John Brown was.)

*A VOICE FROM VERMONT.**

JOHN BROWN ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN TOPSHAM.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

You will be glad to learn that we are having a genuine anti-slavery revival in this place. And though we are far away from the metropolis, as well as from the land of whips and chains and gallows, yet you must not forget that when the physician wishes to know the condition of the patient, he does not lay his hand upon the heart to ascertain the frequency of the pulsations, but applies his fingers to the artery in the wrist, far away from the seat of life. Nor must it be forgotten that our little State is far in advance of your own State, as well as others, in the cause of freedom. Remote as we are from the late scenes at Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, Va., the anti-slavery pulse here has been beating fast and strong. The name of John Brown has been on every lip since first the telegram brought us the news of the bloodshed at Harper's Ferry; and to say that all warm hearts have been beating in the most intense sympathy for the old man heroic is no exaggeration.

In pursuance of a previous public call, and in accordance with the recommendation of the Executive Committee of the American Society, the friends of the slave assembled in the Topsham Town-Hall, on the evening of Friday, the 2d inst. Judge George was called to the chair, and Rev. N. R. Johnston, Rev. J. Mills and C. M. Huckins were appointed a committee to prepare resolutions for the action of the meeting. The following, among others, were reported:

Resolved, That we cordially sympathise with John Brown in his intense hatred of slavery and ardent love of liberty, and in the noble object to which he devoted his life, viz., the emancipation of the American slave; that we honor the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice which led him to face mortal peril in its behalf; that we reverence the deep religious sentiment which inspired him with strength; and now, since the relentless spirit of slavery and the Slave Power has effected his judicial murder upon the gallows, we hail his name as that of a *martyr* in the glorious cause of human liberty; and we are persuaded that this, in coming years, will be the universal voice of all true lovers of impartial freedom.

Resolved, That we regard the invasion at Harper's Ferry as a solemn warning to this nation to abolish, by peaceful measures, its system of slavery, lest that system should be overthrown in blood; and that the lesson which it teaches Abolitionists is that the welfare not only of the slave, but of the slaveholder, demands that they shall pursue their work with unabated vigor.

Resolved, That the guilt of the murder of John Brown at Charlestown to-day, and especially the guilt of the bloodshed at Harper's Ferry, are to be charged upon the cruel character of American slavery—upon slaveholders who inflict insufferable wrongs upon their victims—upon the pro-slavery Churches, lending their protection and influence in favor of slavery—and upon the people of the North, who have made solemn constitutional pledges to the South to aid the oppressor against the oppressed in case the enslaved should attempt to be free.

Resolved, That the murderous execution of Capt. John Brown, whose greatest offences against Virginia were his intense hostility to her oppression and his desire to liberate her oppressed, must only tend to excite greater hostility against slavery, his martyrdom raising up new and zealous friends to the slave; so that we confidently hope that the cord which has this day encircled the neck of this anti-slavery martyr is now fastened about the neck of American slavery, doomed soon to dangle in the atmosphere of universal execration.

Among the other resolutions reported and adopted was one recommending contributions for John Brown's family. Before the close of the meeting the contribution was taken up, and ordered to be forwarded to the committee in Boston.

The discussions on the resolutions were spirited, and all upon which the vote was taken were passed nearly unanimously. The only dissenting voices were those of a few *Democratic* friends (?), one of whom promised to show, at a subsequent meeting, that Brown deserved to be hung.

The vote was not taken upon the third and fourth resolutions, which were laid upon the table, to be called up for fuller discussion at a subsequent meeting, to be held next Friday evening. They will, no doubt, be adopted enthusiastically, as were the others, unless the clause in the third which declares the guilt of the people of the North, who make constitutional pledges to the South to aid the oppressor, should call out opposition from our Gerrit Smith Republicans, who are always on the look-out for Covenanter theories. If opposition should arise, however, it will only tend to make the meeting the more spirited, and, I doubt not, profitable. And, indeed, nearly all classes of anti-slavery men are beginning to see, more and more, the iniquity of the Federal Government and the Union.

At the close of our meeting, a committee was appointed to transmit a copy of the proceedings to the Bradford (Vt.) papers. These papers, as you may remember, refused to publish the proceedings of our State Convention two years ago. One of them is Democratic. We will now see whether they will be as illiberal, as unjust, as then.

Perhaps some of your readers may be pleased to learn that we are to have a special meeting for prayer for the slave to-night. And who that believes that God is the Hearer of Prayer will not unite with us in remembering them that are in bonds as bound with them? Who that has a heart to feel for suffering humanity will not have compassion for those who have no comforter, when the power is on the side of the oppressor? Who will not unite with us in the prayer, "Break thou the arm of the wicked"?

Yours for the slave, VERMONT.

Topsham, Vt, Dec. 5th, 1859.

* We regret the unavoidable delay in the appearance of this letter. —*Editor.*

A WORD OF CRITICISM.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

It is no marvel that the recent event which has agitated the nation should have elicited the development of varied sentiments and feelings concerning it. No marvel, Sir, when we consider the different standards by which human actions are judged. A general tribute is paid to the *abstract theory* that the wisdom which cometh from above constitutes the true standard. Alas! how little is it *practically* honored. How often is the wisdom substituted which "is foolishness with God" for that which is "*pure, peaceable, full of good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.*"

To keep the eye of the mind (susceptible to varied passions) single to this only true standard is no easy attainment. This, however, is our high duty amid all the excitement of passing events. He that would "judge righteous judgment" must do it. He that would prefer the approbation of "Him who stretched out the heavens" to that "of a man that shall die" must do it. It is the noblest position man can occupy. The wisdom of a short-sighted policy cannot discern it. Even the good are in danger of being led astray, in some degree, by the error of the wicked, and of being deceived by apparent expediency.

These thoughts, sir, have been induced by reading sundry remarks in The Standard relative to the recent affecting tragedy—a tragedy which, I fervently pray, may be overruled for the speedier termination of an institution which has justly been denominated *a compound of all villanies.*

The verity of the testimony concerning "the intelligence, courage, humanity, energy and perseverance (and I would add religion) of John Brown," I do not question. These excellent characteristics, however, did not secure to John Brown an infallible judgment concerning right means to be used for the attainment of the noble end which filled and fired his heart. After all that can be said, to his honor, of the happy influence his amiable qualities exercised over his part of the conflict, one undeniable fact remains. *Mr. Brown did justify and cause the shedding of human blood, and the destruction of human life, for the accomplishment of his purpose.*

Now, my dear sir, when I hear the cry of Treason on the part of a nation which is momently committing treason against Heaven's law of eternal righteousness and love, I am but little moved; but when the astounding words that John Brown "is to be strangled for obeying the Sermon on the Mount" fall on my ear, my soul is stirred within me, to vindicate the character of the divine Author of that model sermon.

For what was he condemned to die? Not for his anti-slavery sentiments, or their verbal or written utterances. Certainly, it was for the practical adoption of those very violent means of resisting, unto blood and death, the opposition he might contend with, which that inimitable sermon of truth, and love, and peace condemns. See Matthew 5th, 38-48.

Most cordially do I honor that clearly manifested humanity of Mr. Brown which accompanied his mistaken judgment, and tended to the melioration of its direful consequences. O that he had perfected that humanity by the practical adoption of the true Christian principles—"the weapons of our warfare are *not carnal*, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds"! In some respects, our lamented brother may indeed be compared with the good Samaritan; be it remembered, however, that the record of that thrilling act of blessed love stands, and will stand forever, unpolluted by a single drop of human blood.

Friends of the outraged and suffering slave! Put your confidence in Him whose omnipotent hand holds the destinies of all His creatures, by the adoption of those means, *and those only*, which His infinite wisdom and goodness appoints. The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. That "*higher law*," ignored, violated and ridiculed by kings, emperors and congresses, and all the powers of darkness, shall yet, to the joy of our hearts, work out the emancipation of our brethren. Earth's promised Deliverer shall soon establish his universal kingdom of "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

HENRY GREW.

Philadelphia, Dec. 5th, 1859.

UNION-SAVING IN MASSACHUSETTS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Northern trumpet gives no uncertain sound. None of your Congressional readers need hesitate as to how to prepare himself for battle. The Boston Union-saving meeting did not include among the names on its roll the old historic and newer scientific and other names to which New England has hitherto rallied, in any considerable numbers. How could it? *Those* names are on the lists of anti-slavery. I remember, years and years ago, that the late Mr. Jonathan Goodhue of your city said, in looking over the calls for the first Fairs, "Well, you have the best names in Boston."

This last "Union-saving" was remarkable for the names it lacked, and not for those it included. There were the cotton-spinners, the office-seekers, the city bagmen, the political whippers-in, and the people who are first peddlers, and secondly nothing else. Half the meeting was composed of well-wishers to anti-slavery; and when Caleb Cushing, the least popular man of his talents in New England, abusively named Garrison, Phillips and Emerson, the enthusiasm with which the names were greeted led people to think that if either of these gentlemen had been present to claim his right to rise to a correction, the meeting would have thrown out the twaddling resolutions that have been so rightfully despised by the South, and which express no men's minds but those of the little junto that was trying to pass itself off as the mouthpiece of Massachusetts.

Perhaps you noticed that on the list in *The Courier* there was a sprinkling of names from the country towns, in order to give currency to the idea that the State is soundly pro-slavery. Let me tell you how the country at large did actually comport itself. It toiled the key-note given by the great meeting in Boston on the evening of Brown's execution. Newspapers are not always able to give the signs by which alone the sense of a meeting can be truly interpreted. *That* meeting, consisting of what will always be called 4 000 persons, received Mr. Garrison with such enthusiasm as I never saw any public man greeted with before. This the daily papers that reported the meeting omitted to state. Where no meetings were held, as, for example, the town of Weymouth, Norfolk County, whole neighborhoods tolled their meeting-house bells and hung their houses with black. "What! are you *in mourning* on the day when one man's sacrifice saves the New England character, and lifts us all out of the base degree of Yankee pedlers into the rank of moral nobility?" "No! *not* in mourning!" was the reply—"only *showing our colors*, to show that fact." And it was a general sentiment that even this outrageous judicial murder, so full of sorrow to a few, was joy and redemption for the many.

I enclose for your satisfaction, in confirmation of my observations and impressions, the Weymouth *Gazette*, which gives the tone of thought and feeling in Abington, Norfolk County. Pray try to make room for the prayer and the resolutions of that meeting.* They show what is considered religion and humanity in these regions of country.

People here are much shocked by Mr. Everett's mistake in his reading of the Gallifet cruelties, which became an ironical proverb; for though they knew he was no politician or Christian moralist, they did accept him as a litterateur, and are frightened to think how many blunders they may have been betrayed into by his stupidity. I have myself explored the old dungeons of slavery on this *habitation Gallifet*. Low-browed and hardly larger than an oven, at the base of massive masonry, any one who would grope in the mire of the floor might have dragged forth the scourges, chains and cramping iron head-gear, then lying there, in which the happy slaves of Gallifet occasionally died. I did so in one of them, in company with Monsieur Mary, then the proprietor; and I give you my name in authentication, for any one who desires assurance of the fact. Yours truly, MASSACHUSETTS.

* They have not come to hand.—*Editor.*

TO ALL THE FRIENDS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE.

Marius R. Robinson, of Ohio, is an Agent of the *American Anti-Slavery Society*, and as such is commended to all friends of the Society, and of uncompromising anti-slavery. As editor of the (Ohio) *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, and as a clear, earnest and impressive speaker, his services have been of the greatest value to the cause, and have entitled him to the fullest confidence and respect of its friends. In full apprehension of the principles of Anti-Slavery, in faithful application of them, and in a fair and courteous spirit to opponents, he is surpassed by no one.

Mr. Robinson is at present laboring in Western New York. He will receive subscriptions to the National Anti-Slavery Standard, and other Anti-Slavery papers, and donations to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

John Brown Kissing the Negro Child.—The statement that John Brown, while on his way to the scaffold, stooped down and kissed a negro child has been discredited by some persons as improbable, and by others positively declared to be false. The Charlestown correspondent of *The Herald* goes so far as to accuse the correspondent of *The Tribune* of inventing the statement. We deem it proper to state that, while in Philadelphia last week, we saw a letter from a Maryland gentleman, affirming the truth of the story in the most positive terms. The only error in the statement, as it first appeared in *The Tribune*, was in regard to the place where the incident occurred, which was within the jail, not outside thereof.

Annual Anti-Slavery Convention for the State of New York.—We learn that this Convention will be held at ALBANY on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 31, Feb. 1 and 2. There will be due announcement of an able corps of speakers. In the present state of public feeling in behalf of the slave's cause, this meeting cannot fail to be one of unusual interest. We trust that our readers in different parts of the State will, as far as possible, make their arrangements to attend.

The Biographical Sketch of Mr. Garrison, which we have copied on the fourth page, from *The New American Cyclopædia*, will, we doubt not, prove interesting to all our readers—especially to the younger portion of them, who will gain therefrom a clearer view of the American Anti-Slavery Movement and of his relations thereto as its first pioneer and champion. We have authority for saying that the narrative is entirely authentic.

"Scotland" is the subject of the leading paper in *Littell's Living Age*, No. 812. It is from *The Christian Remembrancer*, and though it may not be entirely impartial, it certainly presents the peculiarities of the Scotch character in a strong light. There are several other interesting papers in the same number. Littell, Son & Co., Boston

Mr. Henry Gage, of Waukegan, Lake Co., Illinois, has been appointed an agent to receive subscriptions for the National Anti-Slavery Standard in Illinois. We commend him to the confidence and aid of the friends of the cause in that State.

The Hon. Charles Sumner is entitled to our thanks for *The Congressional Globe* for the last session, received under his frank.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....No. XIX

NOVEMBER 21, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Sir: Amidst the strong excitement of European politics, which so largely involve the liberties of the whole civilized world, we feel as much interest in *your* great topic as if all Europe were in a state of calm. The only clear thing to us about the Harper's Ferry business is the moral greatness of John Brown. Putting aside the question of the act which brought him into his position, there can be nothing finer than the way in which he holds that position. I doubt whether there is in history anything nobler than the calm devotedness of his temper, and the heroic moderation of his demeanor. If the Irish rebels had been of his stamp, in 1798 and in O'Connell's and John Mitchel's time, Ireland would not have waited so long for deliverance as she did. It was the passion, frenzy and selfish vanity of the agitators which injured the cause more than the prejudices of toryism and the fears of tyrants. There is not a trace in John Brown of the popular agitator; but as entire an absence of self-seeking, of every kind of self-regard, as can be conceived. His act is, to us, a mystery, and a painful one. If he had no intention beyond running off slaves, why the collection of arms? But it would be useless to go into the particulars of a case which you must understand so much better than we can. I will therefore say only that we can see but two ways of accounting for the course of events: that John Brown was insane, or that he was cheated of some expected support. Of his being insane there is not the slightest trace in any part of his subsequent conduct or speech; and if he had promises of support in a scheme so wild and hopeless, the difficulty is not diminished. If the scheme was *not* wild and hopeless, then we on this side the water are too ignorant to form any judgment of the case at all; and this is very possible. In such a case, there will soon be consequences which will make all plain.

There can scarcely be a mistake, however, in regard to the lesson which this rising will teach. Your Southern journals say that the sons and daughters of Virginia are ashamed of the sheepish behavior of the citizens in the presence of the rebels; but to us it appears that there is something more to be ashamed of in the structure of society which generates such cowardice. How any men on earth can so value and stick to any form of property as to undergo for it such terrors as they avow is a perfect marvel to us. We wonder at the miser who, from love of property, lives on mouldy crusts in a garret without fire or candle; but his privations are a less terrible evil than the apprehensions in which your slaveholding countrymen live. There is no torment comparable to that of fear; and that any community should undergo the torment (too strong to be concealed) for the sake of any sort of property is the most astounding evidence of rapacity and worldliness perhaps on record. I take this low view of their "peculiar institution" because it is the one they themselves put forward. "We have our slaves, and we mean to keep them," said some to me, assuring me that they would be destitute of property if they had not slaves. If they quit the property ground of defence for the poetical, or the biblical, or any other, of course it makes no difference to us, who are ready, from our experience, to meet them at all points. At present, we take their own point of view, and wonder unboundedly at the value that Christian men (as they claim to be) can attach to property, so as to undergo a martyrdom of terror for its sake. I suppose "Consuelo" is read in the slave States, as I do not remember that there is anything about negroes in it. What does a Southern reader think of the happiness of Consuelo and Joseph Haydn on the bridge, after their conversation with the deserter's wife, when they find themselves without a farthing in the world, and enjoy it immensely? The slaveholders can hardly try the experiment, for they would be instantly richer for emancipation; but if they cannot believe this beforehand, what a blessing it would be to try, and see what it would be to have no property, and a mind free as air and bright as sunshine!

And now, what will be the effect of this rising on your great controversy, and the persons involved in it? Can the slaveholding communities ever get over the exposure now made, and never to be retrieved, of the hollowness of the social state in which slavery is an element? Can slavery ever be again what it has been—in Virginia at least—while the spectre of Old Brown walks in the midst of it, as it always will from this time forward? Henceforth there will be a new thought in common between master and slave which must surely alter their relation—the image of Old Brown, always present to both. In case of such a ripening of events as that the frontier States must take part with either North or South, will not the choice be largely influenced by what has happened? On the other hand, will the lot of the negro (slave and free) be aggravated by the recent alarm? There is nothing in the way of cowardly cruelty which may not be expected from people who would hurry on the trial of wounded men, and fail to consider, in the first place, the rights and needs of the accused in regard to counsel, the appearance of witnesses, &c. It is true, the plea for haste is the danger from suspense—the necessity for getting the old man put out of sight, that things may return to their usual course, and terrified hearts cease to flutter. Such a plea seems to us to leave the victory with Old Brown. His is the conquering mind in the case, whatever becomes of the life. We are full of interest and curiosity to know what will happen on a scene where things can never again be as they were. Of Brown's life we have never had any hope—if, indeed, we may speak of hope in a case where life is probably not desired, and where death may be more useful to the cause for which life was imperrilled. The old man's terrible bereavements and sufferings no doubt reconcile him to death; and, as to the mode of it, it depends on the victim whether the death degrades him or he ennobles the death. The cross was the deepest of disgraces before eighteen centuries ago; and the gallows may become honorable if slaveholders do but condemn a few disinterested and wise friends of the negro to die upon it. The halter cannot disgrace Old Brown. The doubt as to whether he will ennoble it hangs on the indefensible character of his enterprise—as far as we can yet see. At all events, I think any one of us had rather die on Brown's gallows than sit on the Bench to sentence him to it, or survive him to bring up children to hate and dread the negro because Brown would have freed him.

I had hoped that the San Juan affair would have been settled by this time, or that I need not have adverted to it again; but we are told from Washington that the dispute has a threatening appearance. In Mr. Cass's hands this is not surprising. But is this the way we are always to go on? Are these disreputable bickerings to be renewed whenever electioneering necessities make a quarrel convenient to your authorities, or a filibuster takes it into his head to seize on territory, either foreign or disputed? Washington correspondents say that Lord John Russell's tone is high and positive. Nothing is more probable. We can be just and calm, I should hope; but we find that we gain nothing by being meek under aggression and false accusation such as we seem to be subject to whenever it suits your rulers to make us the tub to their whale. However the case may be about the islands—on which point I do not desire to express an opinion—there can be no doubt among civilized statesmen as to the behavior of Gen. Harney, nor as to the necessity of our guarding the rights of our colonists when assailed by violence or craft. It seems to be precisely a case for arbitration, if the Commissioners entertain honest differences of opinion about the boundary line. We do, I believe, always show ourselves reasonable and pacific when fair discussion or arbitration is going on; but the present is a case in which violent aggression cannot be borne with, because we owe a duty to our countrymen throughout the colony whose interests and prospects will be essentially affected by the loss of an island which is not of the same importance to anybody else. It is a serious truth that the point will not be yielded otherwise than through fair conviction, or by the arbitration of a third Power. It would conduce to peace and justice if, meantime, your citizens who desire peace and justice would say so to your government, and disavow such proceedings as Gen. Harney has adopted, and I fear the Washington Cabinet is now patronizing.

We seem to be the strop on which certain people are sharpening their razors. We have done nothing to the Americans in the Pacific; and they are (if all accounts be true) making hostile demonstrations and threats. We have no dispute with the French, great or small; yet they are working night and day, making ready to invade us. So they give us to understand. We must suppose they will first discover or invent some pretence. Meantime, we cannot ignore such very plain warnings as they give us; and our preparations go on at accelerated speed, from day to day. These exercises may avert the war. If not, they will enable us to go into it with confidence. Peers, merchants, shopkeepers and artisans are becoming soldiers all over the land; and we begin now to see the probability th[illegible] the assailants should, by mischance or superior force, pass our fleets and land, *they will never go back.* We do not underrate their military ability. We have every desire to recognize it fully, in order to an adequate preparation. But we see what they would have to do to succeed on English ground; and our belief is that, once here as foes, they would never go back.

All the while, there is talk in their journals of the coming Congress, in which we are to sit side by side, and arrange the affairs of other peoples. We have not been invited to a Congress, however (or had not been two days since), and we continue to avow the terms on which alone we will enter one, viz., that the right of the Italians to choose their own rulers and form of government shall be admitted as a basis of consultation. The Italian crisis is now very agitating. The people have the issue at their own command, if they will *all* have courage to decide upon it. No doubt, the King of Sardinia is cruelly placed, as every man must be who accepts the protection of Louis Napoleon. We would fain see him take sides clearly and irrevocably with the Italian peoples, and make himself truly their King; and if he cannot do this, he will not need our rebuke for his alliance with the most perjured, fickle and incomprehensible of men to bring him to repentance. Meantime, Garibaldi retires from the scene. Of course he will soon reappear, and be the true leader of the struggle for independence. It must be so if the Italians are worthy of freedom; and that they are so, the world is now pretty well convinced. They are past enslaving. The question is how much struggle and how wide a warfare will be necessary to win for them a position as one of the Powers of Europe. According to present appearances, the French Emperor's position grows worse. The policy of England is better appreciated as time rolls on; and the German and Northern Powers are more congenial, as regards a policy of peace and liberty. Austria is manifestly helpless. The French Emperor finds himself isolated, trammelled, perplexed, and his conduct is full of hesitation and inconsistency. His allies are Spain, bragging and blustering against the Moors, on the one hand, and Austria, insolvent, disgraced and internally disordered, on the other; while in front Victor Emanuel chafes and fidgets, aware of the treachery of his great ally, burning to resent it, and sure to speak his mind sooner or later. The world begins to see now that "the master of the situation" is suffering under the weakness of wickedness, embarrassed by his own craft, compelled to move sooner or later, and aware that every possible step may have fatal consequences. He therefore stands still and holds his tongue as long as he can. Something, it seems, must have been said or done before I write next. One would rather be Old Brown than this odd and unhappy Emperor.

H. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C, Dec. 19, 1859.

The battle goes on in Congress, as it does out of it—the battle between Slavery and Freedom. In the Senate the long debate over Harper's Ferry has come to an end, and a committee has been appointed which will endeavor to ascertain how many men there were in the free States who were in complicity with Brown.

Senator Mason, the chairman and originator of the committee, was at Harper's Ferry, as your readers will remember, and had interviews with Brown there. He is naturally a fair sort of man, though the impersonation of a Virginia aristocrat. But the invasion of Virginia by twenty Abolitionists has soured Mr. Mason so effectually that I doubt if he will ever smile again. He talks, thinks and dreams of John Brown, and can scarcely exchange a civil word with any Republican Senator. Heretofore he has been on excellent terms with Mr. Seward, but I suppose he will cut him now as a conspirator! I have no doubt that some of the Southern Congressmen really believe that nearly all the anti-slavery men of the North were in Brown's secret. They know that this is the way things are done at the South. The Democracy of South Carolina—do you not think every member of it is openly conniving at piracy on the high seas, the punishment of which is death? These Southern leaders think of their own complicity with the infamous sea-pirates, who bring native Africans to our shores, and, judging Northern Republican leaders by themselves, are willing to believe that Seward, Wilson, Hale, and others, urged on John Brown in his attack upon the slaveholders of Virginia.

One of the best speeches yet made in the Senate was by Mr. Wade of Ohio. He is a rough, blunt, but very forcible, speaker, and he did not take up the better part of his time in apologizing to the slaveholders, as some of our orators in Congress do. He made a genuine anti-slavery speech, with not a spice of "Union-saving" in it.

Mr. Douglas has not yet taken his seat in the Senate, and it is doubtful whether he will do so this winter. I presume he will give up his proposed trip to Florida, as his interests need careful nursing and watching here. If he takes his seat, he will have to undergo a terrible questioning before Congress adjourns. The extremists South will know whether he holds that the people of a Territory may, by unfriendly legislation, drive slavery from their borders. If he answers in the affirmative, the extreme, if not the entire, South deserts him; if he replies in the negative, he loses nearly all his strength in the free States.

I think there can be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Douglas made overtures, through a friend, to Mr. Buchanan, and that his overtures were rejected with scorn. Mr. Buchanan will not forgive Mr. Douglas. He pardoned Bennett for calling him an old fool in the last campaign, but he can't forgive poor Douglas!

In the House we have had some masterly dirt-eating during the past week. You know about as well as any other man in the country how mean a Northern apologist for slavery can be, but I don't think you ever heard quite so mean a speech as that delivered by Vallandigham of Ohio the other day. He is the meanest man in Congress, for he is a man of intellect. A mean ignoramus you can get along with, for his propelling power is so insignificant that you care little for him. But Vallandigham is a brave, smart fellow, and the most cringing, fawning, crawling lick-spittle of them all. His speech was so disgusting that Southern men, I hear, have remonstrated with him against its publication.

Think of an Ohio member of Congress justifying the Southern men, in advance, for leaving the Union in case a Republican President should be elected in 1860! It was a capital performance, however, for the Republicans of Ohio. It will do what his enemies could not do—kill him so dead that a galvanic battery would not make a nerve tremble. He is the man who came in hot haste to plague the life out of old John Brown as he lay bleeding at Harper's Ferry. The first thing he thought of was to see if he couldn't elicit evidence against some of his neighbors. Said a North Carolina citizen, who is a slaveholder, "Vallandigham, when he questioned old Brown at Harper's Ferry as he did, proved himself to be the meanest dog in the country, and there is not a respectable slaveholder in the South who does not despise him!"

While Northern doughfaces have made shameful exhibitions of themselves in the House, Southern fire eaters have applied the lash to the backs of these same dirt-eaters with great activity. Gov. McRae, Bonham, and others, have ridiculed the Union-saving meetings at the North, and have deliberately poked fun at the whole doughface tribe. Is not this downright cruelty? To turn thus upon their natural allies? But it's human nature. If a man acts like a dog, he will pretty surely be kicked into the kennel.

The contest in reference to a Speaker continues, but it can have but one result. John Sherman will be Speaker if he lives, or this Congress will never be organized. The Republicans not only will not, but cannot, desert Sherman. The moment they were to do so, they could not poll 75 votes upon one candidate. There are 50 men in the House who will never, in any event, desert Mr. Sherman, and of course that ensures his continuance as a candidate, and his eventual election.

The Disunion fever is at a lull just now. The fire-eaters have poured forth such a volume of treason that they themselves are sick of it. It is all sheer humbug, and is meant to scare old women. Not a Republican, that I have heard of, has got frightened by the threats of Southern members. The first week the fire-eaters carried matters with a high hand, but the threatened collision between Crawford of Georgia and maimed old Thaddeus Stevens has cooled them off. When Crawford approached Mr. Stevens as if to attack him, at least a dozen Republican members leaped instantly to his side, and the Southern ruffians then saw that these men were armed to the teeth; and if the old Pennsylvanian had been touched, a dozen revolvers would have sprung into view. It was this fact, and this alone, which has reduced the violence and ardor of the fire-eaters. They know what to expect if they attack Northern men on the floor of the House.

AVON.

In Philadelphia, on the 29th of Eleventh month, 1859, passed peacefully and serenely to the spirit world Joseph Bond, a Peace man, an Abolitionist and a Progressive Friend.

Special Notices.

☞ A meeting of the Philadelphia Fair Committee will be held on Wednesday, the 28th inst., at 3½ o'clock p. m., at the Anti-Slavery office, No. 107 North Fifth street. The attendance of all the members is requested.

☞ Meetings in Columbia County.—Aaron M Powell and Elizabeth M. Powell will speak at

East Chatham	Monday, Dec. 26
Spencertown	Wednesday, " 28
Kinderhook	Thursday, " 29
West Ghent	Friday, " 30

☞ Civil and Political Equality of Women in New York.—County Woman's Rights Conventions, to be addressed by Mrs. Frances D. Gage and Lucy N. Colman, will be held, at 2 and 7 p. m. of each day, as follows:

Pen Yan, Yates County	Tuesday, Dec. 20
Lyons, Wayne County	Tuesday, " 27

By Mrs. Tracy Cutler and J. Elizabeth Jones:

Jamestown, Chautauqua County	Tuesday, Dec. 20
Collins Centre, Erie County	" " 27

Admission to p. m. sessions, Free. Evening, 10 cts.

Advertisements.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

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THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

THE NEW YORK SEMI WEEKLY TRIBUNE is published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY.

Contents of No. 1,520 [*December* 20]:

I. LEADING ARTICLES: The Disorganization: Union Meetings and Twaddling Journal

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.*

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A RHYME FOR CHRISTMAS.

[*Scene, an old English Churchyard—A Sexton pointing out the graves.*]

A KNIGHT, sir, from the Holy Land,
Had come to seek my Lady's hand;
[Look! here's his grave-stone where we stand!]

The twain were plighted long ago,
How many years I hardly know;
[What mosses on these marbles grow!]

Ah! Time's no loiterer on his way;
How soon a man grows old and gray!
I too had once a wedding-day!

—Well, all the chapel chimes were rung;
The solemn marriage-hymns were sung;
My Lady to her lover clung;

And every maid, whose flowers were strewn
Around the porch and altar-stone,
Was merry but the bride alone!

[Stand here, this winter wind is chill.]
Who weds against a parent's will
Had sorrow then—hath sorrow still!

The Baron with an oath had said
My Lady and the Duke should wed;
My Lady loved the Knight instead.

And love makes daughters disobey;
So, while the Baron was away,
My Lady held her wedding-day!

He might return however soon;
'Twould be too late; the honeymoon
Began that very day at noon.

And once the silken cord was tied,
The Baron, nor the world beside,
Could part the bridegroom from his bride!

Yet when my Lady oped her veil,
To kneel beside the council-rail,
I saw her rosy cheek turn pale!

—But, service o'er and blessing said,
My Lady and her lord were wed:
[How thick these leaves are, where we tread!]

—Well! how it came I cannot tell,
But never such ill-hap befell
The ringing of a wedding-bell:

The incense still was in the air,
The priest had hardly said the prayer,
When, lo! in stalk'd the Baron there!

My Lady trembled at her sire!
—We held our breath, to watch his ire
On bride and bridegroom, priest and friar!

But straightway striding toward his child,
He looked upon her face, and smiled!
She thought her father reconciled!

"Against my will the deed is done;
But come, my daughter and my son;
Two fathers call two children one."

He spoke it, gruff and harsh in tone;
It was the words were kind alone;
[That abbey-wall, sir, hides his stone.]

We saw him smile, and heard him call,
"Come, children, to my castle-hall;
The feast is waiting, guests and all!"

—He said it in a wicked jest,
Yet I believ'd it, with the rest;
But there was neither feast nor guest!

It was a lie the villain told!
His soul was to the devil sold!
["*Hic jacet*"—Here's his bones and mould!]

The Baron straight march'd down the aisle;
He left the church and lost his smile;
My Lady trembled all the while;

Nay, when we throng'd the nave, to make
Our wishes for her bridal's sake,
My Lady wept, but never spake!

The lovers little knew their fate,
Nor dreamed that by the castle-gate
Ten sturdy halberdiers lay wait!

The Baron, watching like a spy
Until the twain were coming nigh,
Saluted them with smiling eye;

Then spake, and, frowning, nearer drew:
"What ye have done, I here undo;
Ye now are one—henceforth be two!"

Whereat, the vassals—whom his beck,
Like lash or rein, could spur or check—
Who durst have clasp'd a lion's neck—

Sprang on the Knight, and girt him round—
And hurl'd him, struggling, to the ground—
And held him like a lion bound!

My Lady, speechless with alarm,
Fell, shuddering at her lover's harm;
—The Baron seized and held her arm.

The vassals saw a sign he made;
"Quick, bolt the gate!"—and they obey'd;
My Lady wept—my Lady pray'd!

The Knight without—the bride within!
—God judge the Baron for his sin!
Two wedded hearts are more than kin!

"What God hath join'd! Aha!"—said he;
"Sir Knight, this wall (it's thick, you see!)
Hath now divorced thy bride from thee!"

My Lady wore a woeful mien!
For lovers' partings, sir, are keen,
With three feet solid wall between!

—But, Christmas night the castle-wall
Was hung with holly, and the hall
Was throng'd with guests; she left them all,

And, noiseless as a mouse would stir,
She came to me, in hood and fur,
And ask'd, "Was I a friend to her?"

What, I?—My Lady's serf her friend?
I answer'd, "Yea, till time shall end?
What is thy bidding?—I attend."

She bent her fair head low to me
(Oh! what a face it was to see!)—
"Unlock the gate, and set me free!"

—I would have swung that castle-gate
Wide open, tho' ten times my fate
Hung on its hinges, should they grate!

I slid the bolt at her command;
And she?—I swear it, as I stand
Thus high her grave!—she kiss'd my hand!

Not long did bride for bridegroom wait:
They fled or e'er it was too late;
"Good night!" I said, and lock'd the gate.

—The Baron raved, but never knew
Who drew the bolt to let her through;
[There, that's my Lady's, next to you!]

Not long the gruff old fellow frown'd;
A single year scarce roll'd around;
Next Christmas brought him under ground!

He left no human heart forlorn,
For hither, when the bier was borne,
The mourners came—but not to mourn!

None but my Lady shed a tear!
Ten sturdy yeomen bore the bier!
I dug the grave, and laid him here!

[Just see those rooks, sir!—Is your cloak
Not thin for such a day? Stand by this oak?
Well . . . what, sir, was the last I spoke?]

—Alas! what sexton, sir, can tell,
When once he tolls the chapel bell,
Whose next may be its solemn knell!

It was my Lady's—sooth to say,
She waited scarce a winter's day,
But followed in the self-same way!

—How sudden may a soul take flight!
My Lady's babe was born that night;
My Lady died at morning light;

Sweet, fragile stalk!—that grew too rare
The burden of its bud to bear,
And broke while blossoming so fair!

The child, whom mother ne'er caress'd,
Was only folded to her breast—
And so we laid them both to rest!

—The Knight, heart-broken, scarcely stay'd
Until my Lady's grave was made,
But join'd King Richard's great crusade!

Till, three years afterwards, one morn
In early May (I could have sworn
I knew him, tho' so travel-worn!),

I saw him standing here!—alone—
Sad—pale—and leaning on this stone!
—He stoop'd and pluck'd a rose half-blown,

And, shaking off its dew, stood here
(Not knowing *I* was watching near)
Till he had wet it with a tear!

He mused and linger'd for an hour,
Still dropping tears upon the flower,
Till I rang matins from the tower;

Then mournfully he walked away;
—I never saw him from that day
Till silent in his shroud he lay!

Ere Autumn clouded o'er the skies,
Or summer buds had shut their eyes,
He died!—and by her side he lies!

—So here's the bride and here's the groom;
Come here again, when roses bloom,
And see how gay I make the tomb!

There's nothing now but leaves, instead,
And wither'd grass—that waits the tread
Of Him who comes to wake the dead!

Ah, well! we all have souls to save!
Next summer's grass o'er us may wave;
—This way, sir; here's another grave!

—"*In memory*"—how this moss has grown;
My Rachel lies beneath this stone;
She died!—and left me all alone!

THEODORE TILTON.

* This poem has been revised for us by the author, from a less complete copy which some of our readers may have seen in print before.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XX.

THE thought of Rachel, and the desire to see and know more of her, did not long trouble Madge. She soon put it out of her mind; but Mr. Norton's conversation constantly recurred to her. Pondering upon it, she did not quite understand his arguments, for hers was one of those open, straightforward, spontaneous minds that take in the sum-total of an idea in a single glance, and do not gradually approach or grow up to it. If received at all, it was taken *at once and wholly*. So now she began to think "if slavery *is wrong, it is wrong*, so there's the end of it. We should not compromise with or excuse it." She did not like Mr. Norton's talk about caution, waiting, working by inches, slowly strangling slavery, at the same time pampering it. This was not in accordance with her simple ideas—for she was no politician. Wrong was wrong. But then, with all her wilful determination, there was a slight distrust of her own powers which sometimes made her slow to act. She now thought long and earnestly upon the subject, and watched the servants with greater interest. Their very faces became a close study; she questioned them a great deal, and they answered her with frankness. Col. Vertner observed the thoughtful expression of his daughter's face, and marvelled at the cause. She now rode and walked oftener with Mr. Butler; but his calm, practical, prudently-expressed views upon the subject of slavery did not suit her impetuous enthusiasm. The difference between her and him was that he *thought*, while she *felt*; her dislike of slavery was a passion, born in the very heat, intensity and redness of her heart; while his was a calm thought conceived of the brain, matured and grown by long, timely and philosophical reflection; it had all the coolness, calmness and prudence of the head unfevered by by the heart. Madge used sometimes, in her own rapid way, to break off the conversation by saying,

"Oh, nonsense, Mr. Butler, the thing is either right or wrong; if it is wrong, why, it's wrong, and let us do away with it, not in two or three years, but right off. I don't care about the 'advisability,' the 'practicability,' and those sort of things; let us have freedom at once."

"But, my dear young lady," pursued the sober Englishman, "let us look at its political aspects; let us consider——"

"No, I shan't consider its political aspects, because I can't understand them; let us look rather at its moral deformities."

In this way she often fretted him out of his coolness, and puzzled him as only a pretty and wilful girl can puzzle a sober and serious man. But she had determined to have a talk with her father, and, contrary to her usual manner, she deferred the interview from day to day. Two or three times she went to his library door, put her hand upon the knob, intending to enter for the purpose of having a serious conversation with him, but her heart failed her, and she whispered to her conscience, "Be still till to-morrow; then I'll speak fully, clearly to him"; but when the morrow came, she always found that her timidity had increased, and she was still another day off from the purposed interview. Yet the thought worked anxiously in her heart. At last, nerving herself, she ventured to ask him if he would not join her in a woodland walk. Readily consenting, they set out, one bright October morning.

"Well, daughter," said Col. Vertner, as they sauntered along through the gloriously-colored woods, "you have been looking rather more serious than usual; what is the cause of it?"

This direct question relieved her of a great deal of embarrassment, and she began at once:

"Yes, papa, dear, for the first time in my life I have been thinking deeply. Now, is it right for white people to keep negroes in slavery?"

The question was simply, but earnestly, asked; there was something in the tone that made it impressive. Her father started, but quickly, in a moment's time, recollecting himself, said,

"Why, yes, Madge, I think it is entirely right for a noble, powerful, rich and dominant race to subjugate and hold to drudge-service a weak, ignorant and servile one."

"How do you make it out, papa?" She drew a little closer to him and took his hand within hers, while they slowly continued their walk.

"Ah, well, my little girl, it is a difficult question to answer; I should have to go into a great deal of dull, dry, and perhaps unprofitable, talk before I could make you understand it. Suffice it, my dear, that your father, mother, minister and friends believe it to be true, and don't vex your young brain with such useless cogitations; think of something else. Tell me, however, dear, who has been worrying you with this cant about the injustice, the right or wrong of slavery? Has Mr. Butler dared to forget the duty of a guest, and so abuse my hospitality as to tamper with the peace of my child's mind?"

"I have talked freely with Mr. Butler on this subject; but, then, *I* always introduced it. So far as etiquette is concerned, papa, he has violated no rule; yet he has not refused to answer my questions on the ground that *I could not understand him*."

"Don't be piqued, dear; I did not mean to insult your judgment. Yet slavery is a subject that I don't wish to bother your young brain. Think of other and more pleasant matters. Women who talk and rave about the moral wrong of slavery are, for the most part, poor, unhappy, unsexed sort of creatures, odious to society and cut by all respectable people. I don't wish my child to be of them."

"Yet, papa, I don't believe slavery is right, and with *respectable people's* opinions I have nothing to do. My own conscience is arbiter alone in this matter."

"Again, Madge, I must warn you not to speak of this to me or to any one; *think* what you please, but be careful what you *say*."

"Rest assured, papa, I shall always say what I think; I am no slave, to meanly hide my opinions. Who and why should I fear?"

"Don't you fear your father's displeasure?"

"Yes, if I feel I deserve it; but when I know I am doing right, I can even defy my father's displeasure. A great principle, papa, does not, should not, consider relationships of any kind. 'Forsake father and mother for Christ Jesus' sake,' is one of the favorite maxims of our good old minister, and I think I am prepared to act upon it."

Col. Vertner had never heard his daughter speak with such earnestness, and was not a little surprised.

"Ah, dear," he suddenly cried, as he flung his arm around her, "see that squirrel leaping from the limb of yon beech tree; if you had your gun, he would tax your sight."

"Oh, I am sure I could shoot him; I've fired at more uncertain marks than he. How I wish that I had my gun! See, see, papa, he is still now; how prettily he sits on that bough, cracking his nuts; only look at him; pretty Bun. Now he is gone; how swift! almost equal to a bird. It would have been a pity to shoot him."

Her father had struck upon the right subject for the diversion of her thoughts, and now an animated conversation upon shooting, horseback riding, field sports, &c., ensued, in which full confidence and affection were restored between the father and child. Madge's spirits were soon as high as ever; she bounded back to her old accustomed mood quick as a bough from which a bird of ill omen has flown away, or like a spring the moment pressure is withdrawn. Col. Vertner's eyes flashed with pride as he watched her scampering along, hallooing, singing, whistling, calling to the squirrel, throwing sticks at the birds, paddling her "wee sma' feet" through the fresh fallen leaves of October, while her long curls were blown about by the fresh autumnal wind, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushing with the excitement.

"How she loves nature!" he exclaimed; "what an untamed and untameable child she is! God grant that no shadow ever may fall upon her! Be careful there, Madge; don't run against that tree; you might put your eye out; see, the limb swoops down quite low; do be careful."

"Why, papa, don't you think I can take care of myself? I have almost lived in the woods, and it is funny for you, now, to fear the bough of a tree or a hazel bush."

The echoes of her merry laughter resounded through the forest, pleasant as the chimes of May-day bells.

When they returned to the house, Madge was surprised to find Helen Mason and Mr. Norton. She gave them a cordial welcome, and insisted upon their remaining until after dinner.

"Oh, Mr. Norton," she cried, as she grasped his hand in the most friendly manner, "I'm so glad to see you; we shall have a real good, true talk; I have been thinking of what you said ever since we parted, and I long to have the conversation repeated."

Her artless and enthusiastic manner greatly pleased Mr. Norton, though he had rather she would not advert to their former topic of conversation; but Madge determined her father should have the full benefit of such arguments. Her mind was beginning to take fire on the subject, and she could neither think nor speak of anything else.

"Come, Madge, let me go to your room," Helen asked, "to take off my bonnet and shawl."

When once fairly domiciled in Madge's unique apartment, Helen caught her friend by the hand, exclaiming,

"Oh, Madge, I've something to tell you, which I am afraid will make you very angry."

"What is it?"

"Promise me that you'll not be *very* angry."

"I can't promise until I know what it is you have to tell."

"Well, well, Madge—oh, I hate to tell you."

"But you must," answered Madge, in a firm tone.

"Well——oh, I can't——"

"You *must* speak." Madge took hold of both of Helen's hands and held them tightly. "Tell me at once, in the fewest possible words, Helen Mason."

"Your father told you—did he not?—that he had only hired Jack and Milly."

"Yes."

"Well, it is false; he sold them both to that horrid trader whom you met in the L—— jail."

"*It is a lie!*" was Madge's prompt and emphatic reply.

"*Madge!*"

"*Helen!*"

Our young heroine was very pale, and her eyes flashed scornfully, as she still held Helen's hands tightly clasped within her own, and her lips trembled, while a bluish-gray tinge began to settle about her mouth.

"I have not repeated to you, Madge, an idle, floating village rumor. I inquired and found out that it was true. Your father has deceived you."

For a moment Madge stood very still, with an erect head; then, suddenly loosing her hold upon Helen's hands, she said, in a low, scarcely audible tone,

"If he has deceived me, cruelly, wickedly trifled with my sympathies, I shall hate him."

"Madge Vertner!"

Helen was frightened; she had never heard Madge speak thus of her father. "Madge Vertner," she called out a second time, but Madge stood quiet and firm, with her eyes bent upon the floor. "Yes, yes," she muttered to herself, "and this is why he would not tell me where he had hired them. He said it was a long journey, and now, as I recollect, he *was* a little confused. Oh, yes, I begin to understand—he has deceived me—treated me as though I were a foolish, fretful child; he has *lied* to me, and I'll confront him with his lie." She moved toward the door. Helen stepped in front.

"What, Madge, you will not go to him now? He will blame me for telling you. Please don't go to him yet; wait awhile, please."

"It is no matter, Helen, what he thinks; you and I know that he has lied; he knows it; that jailer and trader know it; worse than all, *God knows it*."

"But, for my sake, Madge, dear, don't speak to him just yet. Remember there is company in the house."

"Helen, I can't think of anything else but the lie my father has told me, and the poor trusting negroes believed so entirely that I could and would save them. Why did I leave that jail? Because I had faith in my father's word; and he has lied to me! Helen, as you urge it so strongly, I'll wait until after dinner before I speak to him; but be sure I shall not spare him."

"Now, Madge, try to be calm; look and act like yourself; don't let any one suspect how you are feeling."

"Oh, yes, Helen, you wish me to look a lie, as my father has uttered one."

Madge was very bitter; her confidence in her father had been so entire, so perfect, that this revelation came to her as a crushing blow. However, governing herself as best she could, she and Helen soon descended to the parlor, where they were joined by the rest of the company. Madge's eyes were often, and for several minutes at a time, fastened upon her father. Helen thought she saw the eye flash, the lip quiver and the nostril dilate with scorn.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

CHARLES SUMNER.

HOME, to thy post, brave Sumner! years of pain,
Of sorrowing exile, have but proved thee true!
With silken fetters what hast thou to do?
Thine is the bludgeon's blow, the foeman's cane.
Teach, still, thy better way! that all in vain
The death-stored armory, Right to subdue;
That war's unholy orgies are untrue
To man, to God: raise to the Christian plane.
How raise? by strivings, such as Christ's and thine!
Lessons of Peace, enhanced by life and deed;
Proving their origin from source divine
By martyr-suffering—so there be need.
Where MANN hath gone—where ADAMS led the way—
Whence all light cometh, thou shalt meet the day.

Milney, Nov. 22, 1859. A. P. C.

A MODERN "MYSTERY."

IT is generally believed that the rude old drama known as the *mystery* or *miracle* is in desuetude; but in the year 1850 it was represented in the presence of thousands of the curious from all parts of Germany.

During the Thirty Years' War, Oberammergau, an obscure village of Upper Bavaria, was ravaged by a formidable epidemic. The Benedictine monks of the neighboring monastery of Ettal induced the inhabitants to offer a public vow that, should the pestilence cease, they would thereafter, every tenth year, publicly celebrate the passion of the Savior. The pestilence ceased; and from the year 1634 the villagers have religiously observed their vow by representing the mystery of the passion at the specified periods. All the inhabitants took part in the exhibition. The youth of the village appeared on the stage from the most tender years, and by regular gradation were promoted to the principal characters. The villagers already rivalled the Tyrolese in the art of carving on wood, and to this talent they soon associated that of actors, decorators and scenic artists.

For nearly two centuries, and until the clergy of Munich forbade its continuance, the sacred representation was exhibited. Maximilian Joseph annulled the ecclesiastical prohibition; he required, however, that a few details should be expunged. The conduct of the devil and his followers was a little racy, and their language against the saints somewhat strong and decided. Ottmar Weiss, the village clergyman, an old Benedictine monk of Ettal, was intrusted with the direction of the remodelling, and he performed the task to the satisfaction of his brethren. The drama reappeared with these amendments in 1811. In 1820, it was performed with music expressly composed for the occasion by Professor Dadler. Since this latter date, it has appeared every tenth year. On the last decennial occasion, so large an audience attended that it was found necessary to enlarge the theatre, which had been adapted for the accommodation of 6000 persons. Indeed, at one representation, 3,000 were turned back from want of room!

The representations are twelve in number, and succeed each other during the summer and autumn. The last is usually held about the end of October.

Oberammergau presents a curious spectacle upon the morning of one of these representations. From daybreak, the villagers are all in preparation. Strangers arrive in crowds, and are received with the most cordial welcome. The solitary village inn is insufficient for their accommodation, and they take their way in small groups towards the mountain cottages, with their large projecting roofs and walls of glittering whiteness, adorned by the image of the Virgin, or by frescoes representing some scriptural incident, and surrounded by a garden of flowers. Upon the door-way, according to ancient custom, is written the name of the proprietor. The hospitality with which the strangers are received is disinterested. They are only charged the exact amount of the expense, rigidly calculated, of their entertainment. The mountaineers, proud and delighted at the interest excited by themselves and their drama, use every effort to show themselves worthy of it. The old and young in every house have some assigned task. He who cannot sing or represent a character, plays on the violin or flute in the orchestra, or assists in the internal works of the theatre. The entire community is transformed for the common profit into a theatrical enterprise. The exhibition, however, can hardly be described as a speculation, strictly speaking. It must not be forgotten that the villagers are skilful carvers in wood, and carry on a profitable trade in this branch of industry. If the time employed in the complicated preparations for these gigantic representations is considered, it will be easily understood that other employments would be at least equally lucrative.

The twelve representations in 1850 produced about 20,000 florins, but the expenses were very considerable.

The pastor of Oberammergau superintends and discharges the duty with ability and care. His powers are discretionary, and it is universally admitted that he understands the peculiar aptitudes of each member of his flock, and exhibits them in the light best calculated to display the dramatic powers of the humblest of his artists.

The solemn moment has arrived; we must pass from the Bavarian village to Sion.

The audience is accommodated in a very large space, fenced off. Only the centre of the stage is closed. It contains a theatre constructed on the usual plan, with movable decorations, and a curtain. On either side of the central theatre, and in the open air, other decorations are visible, whose use appears during the development of the representation. All around, lesser wooden enclosures are observable. These are the apartments of the performers, and the common green-room in which they await their turn for appearance in the theatre. Through the meadow there are tents for the refreshment of the spectators during the fatigues of the coming day, and these accessories must be very agreeable, for the representation does not conclude in less than eight hours, and it is occasionally interrupted by an interval of another hour.

The space reserved for the audience is uncovered, with the exception of three boxes to the back. There is accommodation, as we have said, for more than 6,000 persons, upon simple wooden benches without backs; and they sit there during the day in spite of heat, rain or snow; the last, of course, not being unusual in that mountain valley. The rain has frequently fallen uninterruptedly during the representation, so heavily indeed that the performers have been compelled, for the protection of their dresses, to take shelter under the red umbrella of the country. As for the audience, they have no alternative but to submit to the rain and snow, and they do so with an amazing forbearance. Those on the back seats will not permit their friends in front to put up their umbrellas, nor even to wear the large mountain-hat, which, in an extremity, might be not a bad substitute.

The price of the seats is sufficiently high. A seat on the front benches, immediately behind the orchestra, costs 1 florin and 12 kreuzers; those behind—in proportion to their distance from the stage—48, 24 and 15 kreuzers. The seats in the centre boxes are 1 florin 48 kreuzers; whilst in the boxes to the side they are 1 florin 36 kreuzers. It is against all rule to decline this expense; and any one in the district who does not at least pay for attending the performance is ill-regarded in his own neighborhood, and would be foolish to offer himself for any public office.

The covered central theatre is set apart for the representation of the mystery of the passion, properly so-called. The curtain falls at the close of each scene. This curtain represents a spacious street, terminating in imposing mansions on the right and left of the stage. At a short distance, two arched gateways open upon other streets. Before these subordinate decorations, incidents of Holy Writ are portrayed during the interludes. High-mass is celebrated in the Church of Oberammergau, and the community prepare themselves devotionally for the exercises of the day. An overture is performed by the combined orchestras of the village and district, the only assistance which the company condescend to receive. The chorus then commences the drama by a prologue, explaining, in its peculiar fashion, the doctrine of the redemption of man by the blood of the Savior. There are two portraitures in illustration: the one shows Adam driven out of Paradise, and the sacrifice of Abraham; the other, the adoration of the Cross. These immediate representations are mechanical; the actors only appear in the scenes of the mystery. The chorus is composed of fourteen persons, men, women and children in whimsical dresses, all of the same pattern. They advance in two bands to the front of the stage, arranged like the pipes of an organ, and sing with voices, if not practised, at least in perfect harmony. The music is simple, languishing, and occasionally trivial, such as Pierse Winter brought into fashion in Germany towards the commencement of this century. It is agreeable, and occasionally pathetic. The drama itself immediately follows the prologue. The curtain rises, and discovers the entry of the Savior into Jerusalem. The further end of the theatre is open, and thus a landscape, lit by the light of a real sun, stretches away in the distance. Men, women, old and young, with palms in their hands, cry out: "Hosannah! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." They press forward before the Savior, issuing from the stage and the side-streets, and mingle with the priests and scribes who throng from the other avenues. This scene is full of life and of picturesque movement.

The decorations of the central stage are changed. The Savior is discovered at the entry of the temple, where the sellers and buyers are carrying on their trade. He is seen threatening the traders, and driving them off; their imprecations are violent: there is a dispute between the priests and the multitude, the priests taking part with the traders, the multitude with the Savior. All this is represented with precision and energy. The audience is carried back for eighteen centuries; one of the grand old German pictures is starting into life. Of the hundred performers, there is not one who is not absorbed in his own *rôle*, and does not acquit himself with a singular vivacity of expression, and assist the general illusion. In the choral performance, every word, every exclamation is distinct; even the articulation of the children is intelligible and pure. The appearance of the Savior has a striking effect, enhanced by the perfect conformity of the actor who personates the holy form with that traditional type which painting has bequeathed to us.

These two scenes are the exposition of the drama that is to follow. The principal performers return to the stage, and one of them describes minutely, in rapid recitative, what has been seen, and what is to follow. The chorus repeats the summary; it then retires towards the pillars of the theatre, and an intermediate tableau shows the twelve sons of Jacob premeditating the murder of their brother Joseph. The chorus, in energetic verse, denounces the guilty brothers; it again withdraws. The curtain rises, and the Sanhedrim is discovered.

To the right and left are seated the members of the Council, and at the further end Annas and Caiaphas the presidents. They deliberate upon the danger with which Jesus of Nazareth threatens property and social life. Several of the members address the assembly. The traders of the temple, the very men whom the Savior has driven from the holy place, are there with their formal complaint. The destruction of Jesus is determined upon. This deliberation, which is very protracted, is sustained by the talent and keenness of the dialogue. The chief interest centres in Caiaphas. This personage, with his golden mitre and robe of dark red, acts his part so well that he is almost forgiven his Upper Bavarian accent, and the somewhat too familiar expressions in which he occasionally indulges.

After this meeting of the Council, the chorus reappears on the stage, and introduces two further tableaux—"Tobias taking Leave of his Parents," and "the Virgin of the Song of Solomon Mourning for her Betrothed." These representations are intended to correspond with the scene in which the Savior at Bethany separates himself from Joseph and Mary.

The Virgin appears in her traditional red robe and blue mantle; her attitudes are borrowed from the most celebrated religious paintings.

In the following scenes, the Savior is seen at table in the house of Simon; and Mary Magdalene is pouring upon his head the spikenard and myrrh. From this moment the approaching treason of Judas is foreshadowed; the rapacious traitor is in admirable contrast with the divine nature and sublime self-devotion of the Savior. In the scene that follows—that in which the Redeemer proceeds to Jerusalem to eat the Paschal Lamb—Judas falls into the snare of the traders, and pledges himself to betray his Master.

The fifth scene shows the Paschal Feast and the formal institution of the Holy Eucharist. It is extracted word for word from the text of the evangelists, and is sustained with much solemnity and pomp.

In the sixth scene, the chorus explains the picture "Joseph Sold by his Brethren"; and then the drama discovers Judas in the Sanhedrim receiving the thirty pieces of silver.

Three pictures connected with the lives of Adam, Joab and Samson are exhibited in illustration of the approaching scene in the Garden of Olives. Jesus is on the mountain. His three disciples are asleep. Twice the Savior, in his mortal agony, falls with his face upon the ground. As he rises, the bloody sweat rolls down his face. Judas appears with the guards, and betrays him with a kiss. The Savior is loaded with irons, and dragged away.

Another intermediate tableau shows "the Prophet Micaiah smitten upon the Cheek by Zedekiah whilst proclaiming the Word of the Lord to Ahab." A new series of scenes follow. The Savior in chains is brought before Annas, who interrogates him. He is reviled and beaten by the soldiers before the house of the high-priest. He is dragged from street to street, from palace to palace; thrust before Caiaphas and Herod; spat upon, forsaken, betrayed, denied by his companions and disciples. He is brought before the Grand Council, who condemn him to die upon false evidence. He is insulted in the courtyard, and taken to the palace of Herod, who receives him with curiosity. There are scenes intermixed in which Peter denies his Master; and Judas, having given back to the priests their pieces of silver, flees in desperation to the wood, to perish by his own hand. The despair of Judas is expressed with striking effect: he tears his hair, casts his mantle from him, rends off his yellow robe, grasps his girdle, and looks with haggard eyes towards the tree which he has chosen to hang from. With savage haste he puts aside the branches, twists his girdle round the strongest he can reach, forms a running-noose, thrusts in his head—and the curtain falls at that moment.

The Redeemer is now dragged before Pilate. Seated in state, and resplendent in the Roman apparel, he offers to the people either Jesus or Barabbas. The people demand the blood of the Savior. Pilate washes his hands from the blood of the victim, breaks into pieces his baton of office, and flings the fragments from him. The guards seize their victim. The priests and the multitude rejoice over the decree of death pronounced by the proconsul.

As the action proceeds and hurries to a close, the emotion and interest increase. The bearing of the cross has a most wonderful effect. The Roman centurion on horseback opens the procession at the head of his soldiery, formed in double file; in the midst is the Savior, tottering under the heavy instrument of death; he falls at last, breathless; the procession halts awhile. In the distance advance, in the midst of their guards, the "good and wicked thieves," each carrying his cross. Simon of Cyrene stands in the centre of the theatre, and at the opening of a road in front a group of women and children follow the procession, filling the air with their sobs and lamentations. The Savior addresses them: "Weep not for me, but for yourselves, ye children of Jerusalem." Simon assumes the cross, and the train proceeds amid hooting and vociferations; the Virgin, St. John, and Mary Magdalene, with a group of holy women, follow at a distance.

The chorus reappears in mourning garments, with sandals, girdles and black mantles. The leader utters the recitative to a funereal accompaniment more distinct and louder than before. He proceeds thus:

Approach, thou pious Soul!
Impelled by love, repentance, and by grief,
Ascend to Golgotha!
And see the Mighty Victim die forsaken,
Bearing thy heavy sins.

He announces that the executioners are fastening the Redeemer to the cross; and as he does so, the strokes of a hammer are heard behind the curtain. It rises, and Golgotha appears.

The two thieves are already lifted to the tree; there is some delay in attaching to the beam over the Savior's head the writing which Pilate had commanded. This is done, despite the opposition of the priests, and then the Savior is carried on the cross into the midst of the theatre. By the help of large wedges driven into the earth, he has the semblance of being fastened to the tree. The soldiers, the priests and people are picturesquely grouped over the stage, whilst at the foot of the cross, surrounded by her companions, weeps the mother of our Lord.

It is impossible to convey any idea of the effect of this living crucifixion upon an assembly under religious impressions, and agitated by pity and terror. Every word uttered from the cross, every inclination of the forehead girded with thorns, the last sigh, the last words, "It is finished!" thrill through every heart. The varieties of the multitude pressing around the cross, the railleries of the priest, the rage and coarseness of the tormenters, enhance the effect. Art could not conceive and execute any representation more overpowering.

And now the two malefactors are taken down from the cross; the thrust of the lance has reddened the Savior's side; Joseph of Arimathea has obtained permission to bury the body of his Master; the priests, the soldiers, the people retire; all is silent as the grave. The group of holy women and the disciples are around the cross, and the sobs of the Virgin are alone heard. Joseph and another man ascend the ladder on either side of the cross, throw a white garment over the arms and breast of Jesus, and exhibit the immortal painting of Rubens. The sacred body is wrapped in precious cloth, and carried to the sepulchre.

Thunder and the earthquake are heard during the crucifixion; they recur when the body is placed in the tomb, and when the guards attend to watch it.

The roof of the sepulchre is rent in twain; the Redeemer rises in glory; the guards awake at the sound, and fly in terror; the holy women visit the sepulchre, and the angel announces the resurrection of their Lord. The priests endeavor to distort the feelings aroused by these proditorious, and surrounded by the faithful, whilst the traders and the priests in dismay prostrate themselves in the dust.

A simple mountaineer named Pflunger, a wood-carver and writing-master, enacted the principal character upon the occasion described, and showed himself a great artist. An infinite majesty, an unchanging serenity, a touching resignation, characterized this beautiful representation. He invariably produced a solemn sensation through that immense audience, particularly in those scenes where he is stripped of his garments, bound to the martyr's column, beaten with rods, crowned with thorns, and mockingly exposed in his robe of purple to the gaze of the multitude between the two thieves. It is actually said of this man, and no higher eulogy could be bestowed upon his performance, that the public almost believe that he is invested with the divinity which he represents, and regard him with corresponding feelings of love and veneration.

The whole affair is organized by the priesthood, it is sanctioned by their high authorities, and is entertained with reverential feelings by all classes of a wide community; it is, in fact, a great religious festival, and it cannot be regarded as in dissonance with the general views of the Roman Catholic Church to use such extraordinary freedom with the most sacred subjects of human contemplation.

This exhibition is certainly strange, and to Protestant minds may seem in many respects objectionable. We have thought it, however, sufficiently remarkable, both in itself and as an exponent of the religious mind of a portion of Europe, to be worthy of notice in a British periodical. —*Chambers's Journal.*

*WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.**

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, an American Abolitionist, born in Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 10, 1805. His parents were natives of the province of New Brunswick. His father, Abijah Garrison, was master of a vessel engaged in the West India trade, and a man of some literary ability and taste; but he became intemperate, and, under the influence of that vicious habit, went away from his family while his children were young, and never returned. The mother, left in utter poverty, became a professional nurse, and in 1814 went to Lynn, taking William with her, and placing him with Gamaliel Oliver, a Quaker, to learn the trade of a shoemaker. He was extremely small for his age, and his knees trembled under the weight of the lapstone. His mother, finding that the business did not suit him, sent him back to Newburyport at the end of three or four months, placing him under the care of Deacon Ezekiel Bartlett. In order to relieve his mother from the necessity of paying his board, he employed himself when out of school in assisting the deacon in his occupation as a woodsawyer, going with him from house to house. At school he was taught reading, writing, ciphering, and a smattering of grammar. In 1815 he went with his mother to Baltimore, where he remained a year, in the capacity of a chore boy, and then returned to Newburyport. In 1818 he was apprenticed to Moses Short, a cabinet-maker, in Haverhill; but, as he strongly disliked the trade, he persuaded Mr. Short to release him. In October of the same year he was indentured to Ephraim W. Allen, editor of the *Newburyport Herald*, to learn the art of printing. This occupation suited his tastes; he quickly became an adept at the mechanical part of the business, and when only 16 or 17 years of age began to write upon political and other topics for the *Herald*, carefully preserving his incognito. It was a long time before Mr. Allen learned that the correspondent whose communications he eagerly sought and commended was his own apprentice, who often had the satisfaction of putting his own articles into type, and once received through the post-office a letter of thanks from his master, with a request that he would continue to write. He soon commenced writing also for the *Haverhill Gazette*, the *Salem Gazette* and the *Boston Commercial Gazette*, all of which received his contributions with favor. The editor of the journal last named, Samuel L. Knapp, Esq., appreciated his articles very highly. A series of papers which he wrote for the *Salem Gazette*, under the signature of "Aristides," attracted much attention in political circles, being commended by Robert Walsh, at that time editor of the Philadelphia *National Gazette*, who attributed them to the venerable Timothy Pickering. In 1824, during the somewhat protracted absence of Mr. Allen, he edited the *Herald*, superintending the printing at the same time. The struggle of the Greeks for freedom fired his youthful zeal, insomuch that at one time he seriously contemplated entering the academy at West Point, to qualify himself for a military career. In 1826, his apprenticeship being honorably closed, he became the proprietor and editor of a journal in his native town, called the *Free Press*. He toiled hard, generally putting his editorial articles in type without committing them to paper, but the enterprise proved unsuccessful. He then went to Boston, where he worked for a time as a journeyman. In 1827 he became the editor of the *National Philanthropist* in that city, the first journal ever established to advocate the cause of "total abstinence"; but before the end of the year the proprietorship changed, and he was induced, early in 1828, to join a friend in the publication of the *Journal of the Times* at Bennington, Vt. This journal supported John Quincy Adams for the Presidency, and was in part devoted to peace, temperance, anti-slavery, and other reforms; but it failed to receive an adequate support. During his residence in Bennington, he produced considerable excitement upon the subject of slavery, not only in that place, but throughout the State, in consequence of which there was transmitted to Congress an anti-slavery memorial more numerously signed than any similar paper previously submitted to that body. Benjamin Lundy, an advocate of the gradual abolition of slavery, was then engaged in publishing the *Genius of Universal Emancipation* at Baltimore. He had met Mr. Garrison during the previous year in Boston, and received from him timely assistance in bringing his cause to the notice of the people of that city. Admiring his talents and zeal, and wishing for a coadjutor, he went to Bennington, and engaged Mr. Garrison to join him in the editorship of his journal. On July 4, 1829, Mr. Garrison delivered in Park street Church, Boston, at a religious and philanthropic celebration of the day, an address which excited general attention by the boldness and vigor of its assault upon slavery. In the autumn of that year he began his labors in Baltimore as joint editor with Mr. Lundy of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, and in the first number issued under his supervision he made a distinct avowal of the doctrine of immediate emancipation as the right of the slave and the duty of the master. Mr. Lundy did not concur with him in this doctrine, but as each of them appended his initials to his articles, the difference interposed no barrier to hearty coöperation. The journal, by its bold and uncompromising tone, produced considerable excitement among the supporters of slavery, while Mr. Garrison's denunciations of the Colonization Society aroused the hostility of some who, upon other grounds, were inclined to sympathize with him. An event soon occurred which resulted in a dissolution of his connection with the paper. The ship Francis, owned by Francis Todd of Newburyport, having taken a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana, Mr. Garrison denounced the act as a "domestic piracy," and declared his purpose to "cover with thick infamy" all those implicated therein. Baltimore being then the seat of an extensive domestic traffic in slaves, his denunciation produced a great deal of feeling, and he was in consequence indicted and convicted, in the City Court, May term, 1830, for "a gross and malicious libel" against the owner and master of the Francis, though it was proved by the custom-house records